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A

CRITICISM

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TRAVELS

OF

CYRUS:

WHEREIN

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UTOPIA
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *Robert Baylis*, Kt.

LORD-MAYOR of the City of *LONDON*, &c.

My LORD,

YOUR Lordſhip is ſo converſant with Books in their Original Languages, that Tranſlations cannot expect ſo fond

524872

a Reception from You, my Lord, as from ſome other Men of your Rank and Fortune, who have not Your Share of Learning.

I confeſs, my Lord, this ſingle Conſideration had almoſt defeated my Intention of being an humble Suitor for Your Lordſhip's Patronage; but then Your acknowledg'd Beneficence came ſeaſonably to it's Aid, and encourag'd me to hope both

for

DEDICATION.

for Your Indulgence and Protection.

As for the Publick, I flatter my ſelf, the generous Reader will excuſe my Ambition in Addreſſing Your Lordſhip in this manner, when 'tis conſider'd, that a Writer who has not the Happineſs of being a Citizen of *London*, may have the ſame Reſpect as Freemen for it's Chief Magiſtrate, but that he can have no

524512

no Opportunity ſo publick as a *Dedication* to teſtify his Duty, and that the Chair is not always ſure to be adorn'd, as it is now, with a Gentleman not leſs read in the Claſſicks, than in the Laws of Commerce, or the Charters of the City over which he ſo glorioufly preſides, and whoſe Election was as grateful to the REPUBLICK of Literature, as it was to the CITY of *London*: Of which *Republick* and *City* that Your Lordſhip

DEDICATION.

Lordſhip may long live to be the Ornament and Defence, is the hearty Prayer of Him, who with all Submiſſion begs Leave to ſubſcribe,

(May it pleaſe your Lordſhip)

Your moſt Devoted,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

Nov. 22.
1728.

Stephen Whatley.

TO

Mr. *Ramſay.*

PERMIT me, Sir, the Honour of preſenting you the firſt Eſſays of a Pen, as yet unskilful and unexperienc'd. Your accepting the Homage I hereby pay you, will not be ſo much a Favour granted to me, as an Act of Juſtice done to your ſelf.

Really, Sir, I am not afraid to confeſs I have been a Gainer by your Labours, and that, by making uſe of

ſome of your Sentiments, I have compiled a Work, which, Thanks to the Care you took to prepare the Materials, has coſt me but very little Pains. How happy ſhall I think my ſelf, Sir, if this Piece merit your Approbation! If I have Your's, I am ſure of That of the Publick, whoſe Eyes are watching for your Deciſion, whereby to regulate their own. We have a very evident Proof of their Deference for your Sentiments, in the Succeſs of thoſe ingenious Theological Travels you have juſt publiſh'd: a Piece which the World applauded before 'twas printed; and not a Man in *Paris* but knew, ere he had read it, that 'twas the moſt admirable Book that ever came from the Preſs.

Indeed, like a wiſe Man, you took juſt Meaſures to obviate the fantaſtical

Verdict

Verdict of the Commonalty, which is generally unjuſt and blind. You made your firſt Addreſs to the Ladies; for you are polite, and not ignorant of the Weight which the Suffrage of the Fair Sex generally carries in all Affairs. Moreover, they to whom you had recourſe, are in Poſſeſſion of the Power to determine the Merit of a Work, and to ſettle the Ranks of Precedency upon *Parnaſſus*.

After the Ladies, you made your Court to the Gentlemen, of whom you took Care to ſecure to your Intereſt, ſuch as were the moſt diſtinguiſh'd.

It was not eaſy for a Divine, as you are, in an Affair of this Nature, to forget the Church: You caſt your

Eyes upon Her, and among Her Members, you made Choice of Prelates. Of theſe three Eſtates united, a Tribunal was form'd in Favour of the *New Cyropædia*, whoſe Authority it would have been Preſumption to diſpute.

The Ladies knew all the little Stories interſperſed throughout your Book, and thought them as agreeable as they really are.

The Men of Quality were charm'd at the ſurprizing Eaſe and Diſpatch with which you made your Hero travel; and being tranſported beyond their Reaſon, fancied that his Paſſage from *Egypt* to *Greece*, or from *Greece* into *Perſia*, was not more rapid than theirs to their Country Seats, there to taſte that ſweet Tranquillity, that

Genuine

Genuine Peace and Joy with which you chear the Minds that are oppreſs'd with Thought and Melancholy.

The third Claſs, to whom you took Care to read the Fragments of Theology with which your Work is ſo finely embelliſh'd, cry'd up the Beauty of the Style, and could hardly think there was a Genius in the whole World ſo happy as to diffuſe ſo many Graces, on a Subject in it ſelf ſo inſipid and unpleaſant.

All together, being charm'd to think they had a Client of your Merit, delighted to fly, in Imitation of you, *after the winged Chariot of Jupiter*; and when you were all met again at the Table, they thought themſelves in the *Garden of the Heſperides*, with a God whom they admir'd. This

new Deity, SIR, was YOU, who took care to refreſh their Minds with a Thouſand peculiar Delicacies, which diſtinguiſh you from the Bulk of Mankind; and you intoxicated them with Nectar, ſweeter than that of the Gods they left to come to you. In Recompence, they were laviſh of their Incenſe to you, and the Applauſes which *Cyrus* received from an Aſſembly, form'd out of the choiceſt Perſons of thoſe three Illuſtrious Eſtates, convinc'd you before-hand, that a Book which was approved by ſo venerable a Tribunal, could not fail of being accepted by the World in general.

But, Sir, the only Reaſon of recalling to your Memory the Cauſe of that juſt, but prodigious, Succeſs which has attended the *Travels of* Cyrus, is

to

to engage you to procure the like good Fortune to the *Reflections of* Cyrus *upon his Travels.* Your Deſign is perſued all along, and 'tis your favourite Hero that is ſtill exhibited to the Publick, on the very Plan which you drew your ſelf. With you he hears much, ſpeaks little, acts leſs, and thinks nothing at all. Indeed you artfully let your Readers have a Glimpſe of what may be expected in this Kind from your Hero: You give him a *Monarch of Taciturnity* for a Model; and 'tis very plain, that a Prince form'd in his Youth according to the Example of the gloomy *Sygeus*, cou'd not fail, at leaſt in his old Age, of being a conſummate Drone.

'Tis therefore, the better to expreſs your Views, and perfectly to clear up the Character of *Cyrus*, that I have

endeavour'd to make him reflect profoundly. You carry him about, during the first Thirty Years of his Life, to all the Schools in the Universe to consult Learned Tutors; and in his latter Years I employ him in reasoning upon his Philosophical Adventures, and reflecting on the wise Lectures which you conducted him to in his Youth. Is not this, Sir, painting the Things by your Original? Is it not drawing by the Life? What other Motive need there be to attract your Care and Tenderness to a Child of which you ought to esteem your self the Father? or, if this Expression is not suitable to a Pupil, from pure Love, bestow your Favours on a Book of which you are in some measure the Author: For 'tis the true Picture of your's; under your Patronage it sees the Light, and be you never so indisposed to befriend

it,

it, the Publick, after having ſo highly applauded *Cyrus* in the Hiſtory of his *Travels*, cannot fail of giving a kind Reception to an exact Continuation of his peaceful Adventures.

But it muſt be confeſs'd, Sir, I have taken the Freedom to deviate from you in one Point. I admire, as much as another, that noble Uniformity and Nudity, indulge me a Term of your own Stile, but I have not preſum'd to imitate it. I was ſenſible that my Diction was deſtitute of Natural Graces enough to charm by it ſelf, and that it wanted a little Artifice and Dreſs to give the Reader Pleaſure. This oblig'd me to diverſify the Places which are the Scenes of *Cyrus*'s Converſations; and, in ſhort, to embelliſh my Subject with the little Incidents, Images, and all thoſe Ornaments

ments that Sublime and Solid Wits, ſuch as You, think frivolous; but which pleaſe the Generality of Readers.

Beſides, Sir, a Subject ſo great and ſo important as yours, had Merit enough to bear it ſelf up: When you place *Cyrus* upon a dry Rock with *Solon*, and then tranſport him with *Amenophis* to the Cave of another Rock upon the Coaſts of *Tyre*, 'tis viſible, that tho' you put your Hero into ſuch wretched Quarters, it was in your Power to have accommodated him with a Lodging that was ſomewhat more genteel, and more to his Satisfaction. The Vulgar, 'tis true, take it amiſs that you have not choſe a better Spot of Ground; and as they think, Heroes ought to have a more commodious Situation, ſo they require for

for themſelves Images that are more diverſified, and that look more ſmiling than the continual Proſpect of a cragged Rock. But they who have moſt Skill, do you Juſtice, being of Opinion that ſuch ſilly Fancies would only ſerve to diſtract the Attention of the Reader, to whom you had ſomething more ſolid and more important to preſent, than trifling Pictures.

For my Part, the Caſe with me was ſomewhat different. In my Performance, I had not thoſe Divine Speculations in View, which made *Cyrus* the Conqueror of *Aſia*. Certain Reflections that are often merry, or, if ſerious, ſuch as are to be comprehended by Common Senſe, were propos'd to be the Subject of my Book: and you are very ſenſible, Sir, that in the like Circumſtances I was indiſ-

penſably

penſably oblig'd to depart from your Method, and to ſeek for thoſe Helps in borrow'd Ornaments, which the Meanneſs of my Subject render'd neceſſary. And beſides, Sir, I know not, ſuppoſing all Things alike as to the Matter, whether it would have been convenient for me to have taken your Stile for a Pattern. We ſee Strokes admir'd every Day in the Maſters, which would not be forgiven in their Pupils; and as I know that a happy Negligence is the Fruit of Genius, or the Maſterpiece of Art, I have made it a Rule to my ſelf for a long Time to join with all Mankind in the Admiration of ſuch Efforts, and to ſtay till you ſhould think me worthy of imitating them, before I made a Trial of my Strength in ſo tender a Point. You will eaſily imagine, that, in ſuch a Diſpoſition of

of Mind, my Admiration of You will always be as boundleſs, as the profound Reſpect with which I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The First Evening's *Converſation.*

WHEN Cyrus was become Maſter of *Aſia*, he fix'd his chief Reſidence at *Babylon*. Here, after the Buſineſs to which he uſed to devote the greateſt Part of the Day, he generally took a Walk in the Evening, which

which was his conſtant, his only Refreſhment. At ſuch Times, *Cyrus*, to make himſelf a Sort of amends for the Noiſe and Hurry which he could not avoid at Court, often ſecreted himſelf from his Retinue, to converſe alone with *Araſpes*. The Merit of this Favourite, his Employments, his inviolable Attachment to the Perſon of his Maſter, his conſtant Attendance upon him in his Travels, and, above all, the good Uſe he made of his Favour, ſecur'd him from being envy'd in that diſtinguiſh'd Station, of which No-body was more worthy than himſelf.

Upon theſe Occaſions, *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* being, as we may ſay, retired to themſelves, and diſengaged from the Pomp and troubleſome Ceremonies, inſeparable from the Grandeur of Courts, acted no longer in their ſeveral Characters; but, while they converſed, the Monarch and the Miniſter

niſter were laid aſide, and ſucceeded by two hearty Friends, who, having caſt the Remembrance of perplex'd Affairs behind them, unbent their Minds with all other Subjects which happen'd to ariſe in their Diſcourſe, and talk'd with that mutual Confidence, that agreeable Freedom, which is the only Charm of Converſation.

Were we to judge of them by the Character which ſome modern Writers have given them, *Cyrus* was a Philoſopher, ſo very grave and reſerv'd, that he never open'd his Mouth, but to utter a Sentence; and *Araſpes* a Man of a gloomy ſullen Temper, whoſe ſole Talent was forbearing to interrupt a Man while ſpeaking. But we have it from authentick Memoirs of their Time, that the Tempers of Both were naturally gay, and that *Araſpes*, in theſe private Converſations, was ambitious to make his

Maſter merry, by that naked Simplicity, and that Pleaſantry, with which he generally expreſſed himſelf, on whatever happen'd to be the Subjects of their Converſations.

One Day they went out of *Babylon*, to ramble in the vaſt Wilds of an immenſe Foreſt, ſituate very near the City, upon the Banks of the *Euphrates*. After having walked a long Time, they found themſelves on the Top of a Hill, where a Grove of Cedars, as old as the Creation, ſhot up their immortal Branches to the Sky, whoſe thick Leaves afforded a ſweet Shade to the weary Traveller, which the Sun had never incommoded. Underneath was a fine Turf, always verdant, adorn'd with the lovely Violet, and that Group of modeſt Flowers which delight to lie conceal'd in the Woods, whoſe Perfumes embalm'd the Air, and entertain'd the Eyes with the ſmiling Image of an eternal

eternal Spring. No peſtilential Blaſt from the Dog-Star had ever penetrated this Foreſt, nor any other Wind but the *Zephyrs*, which play'd here with ſweet Breezes, that, by conſtantly fanning the Air, temper'd the ſcorching Heats of a Climate always burning. The Deer, and other Creatures that inhabited theſe Woods, having been ſhelter'd for Ages from the killing Arrows of the mercileſs Hunter, and being not uſed to know Mankind by any Marks but thoſe of gentle Uſage, advanc'd in Herds, as it were to do Homage to the Monarch and his Favourite, and danc'd around them moſt agreeably. In a Word, every Thing conſpired to diffuſe Peace, Tranquillity, and Innocence; and created a true Reliſh for thoſe pure Pleaſures which are generally confin'd to Solitude, and not known under gilded Roofs, and in the Palaces of Kings.

Here *Cyrus* and *Araſpes*, repoſing themſelves upon the Graſs, had not long convers'd, when by Chance the Prince perceived the Ruins of a Cottage, which had formerly ſerv'd for the Reſidence of *Nebuchadnezzar* *, at the Time when that Prince wander'd about this † Foreſt, being ſurpriz'd with a Frenzy, which render'd him like the Beaſts. *Cyrus*, after having fix'd his Eyes a-while upon this Object, ſaid to *Araſpes*, When we came hither together ‡, to learn Inſtruction from the Example of this unfortunate Monarch, what Likelihood was there that I ſhould, in ſo few Years, fill the Throne which he then ſat on? Indeed, ſaid the Miniſter, every Thing that has paſs'd appears to me as a Dream. Tho' I was a Witneſs of thoſe extraordinary Events, I ſtill doubt, as it were, of what I ſaw with my Eyes.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 142.
† Vol. II. p. 133. ‡ Ibid. p. 128.

To

To conſider the Courſe you at firſt ſteer'd, it could never have enter'd my Head, that it would have brought you to a Throne. You was, Sir, if I remember, above Forty Years of Age when we came hither. You had no more of that Juvenile Fire, which ſupports in great Undertakings, and prompts to the forming of them. You had till then led a peaceable quiet Life, without any Ardour for Fame, without Ambition, without the Practice of War, being wholly ſwallow'd up in the Sciences, and in Speculations, in the Search of which, Part of your Spirits were already exhauſted; not to reckon the Quantity which was waſted in the Journeys you were continually making from one Place to another. To be plain, all this put together was not a very ſtrong Preſage that you would ever be the Conqueror of *Aſia*. One would never have imagin'd that a

Man of your Character was likely to have been a Conqueror in the very firſt Attempt, at an Age when others ceaſe in a manner to exiſt, and think of nothing more than to enjoy what they have already acquir'd.

This is a Demonſtration, ſaid *Cyrus*, that Nature may produce Talents, but that 'tis Time and Chance alone which matures and brings them to the Light. Had not the Sons of *Aſtyages* and *Nebuchadnezzar* diſturb'd our Tranquillity, perhaps I had been with you at this Hour in the Extremity of *Perſia*, diving into ſome Metaphyſical Queſtion; and poſſibly the convincing ſome or other of my Prieſts, that I knew more of Theology than they, would have been the Upſhot of my Glory. My Genius was turn'd that Way, and I have in ſome Sort done Violence to my Natural Temper, by opening other Views to it;

it; but when the Proſpect was once changed, I purſued my Point.

But you will own, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, that you are as much obliged for your Succeſs to the Author of the *Travels of* Cyrus, as to *Cyaxares* or to *Merodac*; and that the Malice of that Writer provok'd you even to a greater Degree than the Injuſtice of your two Antagoniſts.

I will not diſſemble, ſaid the King; That Libel made ſtrong Impreſſions upon me, which till then I had never felt. The Scandal of being reckon'd a Man of weak Parts, touch'd me more than the Reputation of being a Hero; and I can truly ſay it, that tho' the Outrages of the King of *Babylon* compel'd me to go to War, yet the Succeſs of my Arms was owing to nothing ſo much as that Wrath which was kindled in my Breaſt by the Hiſtory of my Travels. But ſince

we are enter'd upon this Subject, favour me with a juſt Character of that Work. I was too much taken up with my Schemes, to read the Whole when it came out, ſo that I only glanc'd over ſome Paſſages, where I was told I was moſt abuſed; tho' perhaps, had I been more at Leiſure, I ſhould not have had the Courage to have read a Book throughout with Attention, wherein I knew beforehand I made but a wretched Figure.

In truth, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, you may well be forgiven that Scruple, for never was Satire writ with more Spirit and Art, nor in Circumſtances more likely to produce its Effect. At that Time *Aſia* rung again with Oracles, which foretold you to be the Deſtroyer of the Monarchy of *Babylon*: This caſt the *Aſſyrians* into a Conſternation; and to counterballance the Effect of theſe Predictions, *Aramys*, out of Zeal for his

his Maſter's Intereſt, form'd a Project to oppoſe one Prophecy with another. The moſt certain Rule to judge of what a Man will be hereafter, is to look back to what he has been. You were at that Time arrived to an Age when the Mind is generally ſettled, and to that Stage of Life in which Nature ſcarce ſuffers any Alteration. One infallible Means, therefore, to hearten *Aſſyria* againſt your future Enterprizes, was, to publiſh to the World your Undertakings paſt. This Sort of Oracle weighed with many People againſt the Authority of the *Jewiſh* Prophecies, whoſe Infallibility the *Aſſyrians* were not very ready to acknowledge. This it was that determin'd *Aramys* in his Reſolution to bring you upon the Theatre, and to let *Aſia* ſee that a Man who had been us'd, to the Age of Forty, to Philoſophical Reaſonings, was not a very formidable Enemy, and did not look as if he would verify the Predictions

utter'd

utter'd in his Favour. This Book is a delicate well-manag'd Irony, wherein the Author, under Pretence of propoſing you for a Pattern to great Princes, ſo ridicules your Conduct at every Turn, that nothing leſs than your Conqueſts could have clear'd up your Reputation; for his Succeſs was wonderful. The *Aſſyrians* were ſoon cur'd of their Fears; and theſe were ſucceeded by Contempt to ſuch a Degree, that Ballads and Lampoons were not the only Things by which you might have ſeen how little they valu'd you.

He ſucceeded, reply'd *Cyrus*, too well for them; for if they had not ſo much deſpis'd me, they would have taken more Precaution againſt any Surprize from me, and I ſhould have paid the dearer for my Conqueſt. This is a Service for which I have Obligations to *Aramys*, and which, if Death had not ſnatch'd him from my Favours, I would

I would have taken care to acknowledge.

What, ſaid *Araſpes* with a Smile, would you have forgiven him the Story of the Ambuſcade in the Wood? Undoubtedly you have read that Paſſage.

Why not, ſaid the Prince?

'Tis true, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, I always found you good-humour'd and beneficent.

After all, ſaid the Prince, the Author of the Travels has only ſtrip'd me of Common Senſe. He has no where undertaken to repreſent me as a wicked Man; and therefore in abundant Acknowledgment for the good Qualities of which he thought fit to leave me in Poſſeſſion, I ſhould have taken a Delight to make him ſenſible of the Effects of it. You may

eaſily

eaſily be perſuaded of this, by my Behaviour towards *Cyaxares*. He was the firſt Author of the Jokes that were toſſed about, upon my Adventure in the Wood *. You know how I was ſurrounded there by the Enemies Infantry, and that not being able to draw up four Horſemen in Front, in the midſt of Trees and Buſhes, which hindered them from joining, I was taken, as it were in a Net, and had like to have dearly paid for my fine Stratagem, when *Artabanus*, with his Body of Reſerve, poſted to my Aſſiſtance, foil'd the Enemy, and put their Left Wing into ſuch Diſorder, as occaſion'd the ſpeedy Overthrow of the whole Army. Next Day *Cyaxares*, who bore me no Good-Will, and was overjoy'd to ſee the Confuſion in which my Indiſcretion had involv'd me, took this Occaſion to mortify me. In the Preſence of

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 23.

the

the whole Court, he made me a world of Compliments on my being cut out for a Great General. *In all the Art of War*, ſays he, *there's nothing like an Ambuſcade form'd* a propos. *You ſee of what great Service it was to* Cyrus, *and that it pav'd the Way to Victory.* This Banter ran thro' the whole Army. And while the Author of the Travels maliciouſly aſcribes the Gain of this Battle to my Cavalry that lay in Ambuſh in a Wood where they could be of no Service, he only reviv'd a Conceit that had been try'd before by Perſons who were intereſted to make the World believe that I had no Genius for War.

Now, after having pardon'd ſo keen a Sarcaſm in a Prince my Enemy, my Rival, and one that was the firſt Author of it, would it become me to revenge it on a poor Writer, who, by making uſe of the ſame Method to ridicule me, has done nothing

nothing after all, but what was expected from him?

Let that paſs, ſaid *Araſpes*; but, with all your Goodneſs, here's an Article which ſurely you will not forgive him for. As to your being ſomewhat of a Novice in the Buſineſs of War at ſixteen Years of Age, there is nothing in it but what is very natural; but that you ſhould at Forty be a Dunce in Politicks, ſeems to me too ſevere a Satire. I will endeavour to make you more ſenſible of it.

Aramys ſuggeſts that the Senate of *Perſia* intended to * refuſe to grant the King your Father the Subſidies for the War which he was obliged to make with *Aſtyages*.

What does he mean, ſaid *Cyrus*, by talking of Subſidies? Does not

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 110.

this

this Author know that in *Perſia*, and all the Eaſtern Countries, the King taxes his Subjects at his own Will and Pleaſure?

Do you imagine, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, that *Aramys* propoſed to paint the Manners and Government of *Perſia* to the Life, and as an Hiſtorian ſhould do? Every Thing that had a Tendency to make *Perſia* ridiculous was for his Purpoſe, whether True or Falſe. But let us return to the Subſidies. Notwithſtanding the Refuſal of the Senators, you aſſemble an Army of Thirty-thouſand Men *; you draw up your Troops in Order of Battle, on a Plain near the Capital; and by the ſtrangeſt Jumble that ever was known, you aſſemble the Senate at the ſame Time and Place; and then, after a learned Harangue, in which you ſay a thou-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 111, 112.

ſand

ſand fine Things to your Soldiers, you on a ſudden change your Note; you are not afraid to divulge the Secrets of the State, and the Diviſions which reign in it, to the whole Army, and all Perſons drawn by Curioſity to be Spectators of ſuch a Ceremony: In Preſence of that Multitude of Witneſſes, you accoſt your Senators in the blunteſt Manner; you twit them in the Teeth with their Cabals: That's not all, juſt before you march againſt the Enemy that had fomented them, you tell them, that, if you prove victorious, they have every Thing to fear from the Wrath of a Prince whom they have provoked by their Intrigues: And, as if you were determin'd to force them to an Extremity, and to ſtake their All upon the Spot, you tell them, that one ſingle Battle will decide the Fate of the War *. *One Battle will decide the Fate of*

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 114.

Perſia.

Perſia. *If* Cambyſes *prove victorious, you have much to fear from the Juſtice of a Prince whom you have incenſed by your ſecret Cabals.*

And you think, ſaid *Cyrus*, that this ought to give me Pain?

Alas! Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, let me finiſh the Marvellous of this burleſque Adventure, which is, That your Senators, notwithſtanding their Diſguſt, like wiſe and conſiderate Men, *united in one Deſign*, ſays your Author, *of contributing to the Preſervation of their Country*; that is to ſay, to the Victories of a Prince, who threatens to make no other Uſe of his Proſperity but to oppreſs them. There's a Contraſt of Politics, which, by your Favour, makes you and your Senate the moſt extravagant Mortals that ever meddled with the Government of Mankind!

So much the better, ſaid *Cyrus*, that *Aramys* took it into his Head to carry the Ridicule ſo far; for if he had ſaid leſs, he would have been believed the more; thoſe Calumnies that are moſt circumſcribed, being always ſuch as are moſt hurtful to the Reputation of the Perſons againſt whom they are invented.

What pity 'tis, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, that we have not Pen and Ink here? I would then write down your fine Maxims, which, if ever I ſhould have a Fancy to build a Temple to ſome *Olympian Jupiter*, might, in Caſe of Need, ſerve for Inſcriptions to the Symbolical Figures which I would place there, and, as I have ſeen elſewhere, might divert the loitering Traveller that ſhall come from the moſt diſtant Regions of the North, and count upon his Fingers the very Stones of the Fabrick.

I plainly

I plainly perceive, ſaid *Cyrus*, that you have a myſterious Meaning; but what you allude to I know not.

'Tis, reply'd *Araſpes*, to a little Incident of our Travels which *Aramys* has not fail'd to ſet off. Indeed, you put too good a Game into his Hands for him not to play it; and as much diſguſted as I am with him on other accounts, I am obliged to him for having revenged me a little for that Uneaſineſs which you gave me at *Crete*, in the Temple of *Jupiter Olympius* *. I was enraged to ſee you fall into an Extaſy at the Sight of four or five paltry Inſcriptions, ſuch as you had read by Thouſands in the Manſions of our *Magi*, and our Hermits. A Rabble of *Cretans*, ſurpriz'd at the Air of Admiration with which you *meditated the Sublime Senſe of*

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 4, &c.

thoſe Inſcriptions, took us for *Germans* or *Cimbrians*, juſt come out of their diſmal Foreſts, who, having never ſeen any Thing but Trees and Hoar-Froſts, find ſomething or other to ſtare at, every Step they take under a more happy Sky. They came round you, and examin'd our Countenances with as deep Attention, as yours was in the poring upon your Inſcriptions. You was ſo immerſed in profound Contemplation, that you was not ſenſible of all this; but I, who was not by far ſo metaphyſical and ſo contemplative, fix'd my Eyes upon Objects that were more material; and endur'd, both for you and myſelf, the Jeers of the Croud, and the ill-natur'd Remarks which I ſaw them make upon the novel Behaviour of a Couple of Strangers, who look'd ſo like Originals. *Addiſon*, without entering into the Detail of all theſe Circumſtances, artfully gives a Glimpſe of them, by the Manner in which he paints your Admi-

Admiration, and the frivolous Objects at which it was excited. After ſo much Malignity, would you ſtill be of a Temper to forgive him ?

Don't you know, ſaid *Cyrus*, that were Princes to puniſh all that have a Mind to make themſelves merry at the Expence of their Sovereigns, they would never have done ; and that my Politicks and my Conſcience are in this Point agreed ?

Your Notion of this Matter is perfectly right, ſaid *Araſpes*, and that Generoſity with which you ſubdue the moſt juſt Reſentments, muſt give you as great Glory in the World, as the Courage with which you conquer your Enemies. But for my Part, continu'd he, who am not obliged to entertain ſuch Heroick Sentiments as you have, I confeſs to you, that, if I had the Honour to be your Hiſtoriographer, he ſhould pay dear for

the fooliſh Part which he makes me to act. I could never forgive him for repreſenting me as no better than a common Cryer, with nothing to do but to hear you talk, and to ſay *Yes* or *No*, to all your fine Speeches.

Indeed, ſaid *Cyrus*, with a Smile, it would become you rarely to take more State upon you than your Maſter! Would you not be aſhamed to ſet up for the Hero in my Hiſtory, while I myſelf ſhould make no better a Figure in it than a Pedant?

All your fine Arguments, ſaid *Araſpes*, do not eaſe my Anguiſh. I cannot boaſt of a hundred Victories, and the Conqueſt of *Aſia*, to clear up my Reputation. The Things that Hiſtory ſhall report of you in future Ages, will convince Poſterity that the Author of the Travels has marr'd your Character: But as for me, nothing will hinder me from being

being received juſt as he has painted me.

What then? Should this happen, ſaid the King, would it not be of ſome Eaſe to your Mind, to have the Pleaſure of being diſgraced in good Company? *Cambyſes*, *Mandana*, and *Hyſtaſpes*, are, they ſay, no better uſed than you are.

The Company is very good, reply'd *Araſpes*, and certainly does me very much Honour, but not in the Hiſtory of your Travels. There the Perſonages you have juſt now mention'd, make altogether as bad a Figure as I do. The Author ſticks at nothing to make the Perſons that are near you, fooliſh and ill-favour'd. And as the Merit of a Society redounds to the particular Members of it, I ſhall only appear to be the greater Fool in it, for being in ſuch unſuitable Company. What

comforts me, Sir, is, that in After-Ages there will no doubt ariſe ſome Romance-Writer, who, in reſpect to you, will endeavour to make us Amends for the ſorry Dreſs in which we are repreſented by the Author of the Satire. Such a one, out of his abundant Regard to the Decorum due to your Dignity and great Actions, will not fail to give us a Merit proportion'd to the Rank we ſtand in with you; and I deſpair not of being, in his Hands, one of thoſe Heroes of the ſecond Order, who, tho' they don't ſhine like your firſt Rate Gentlemen, yet are good for ſomething.

But is it true, ſaid *Cyrus*, that all my Family is ſo ridiculouſly repreſented in that Work, as 'tis given out?

Hear, ſaid the Miniſter, and be your ſelf the Judge. The King your Father is a good Prince; but ſo good, that he is a weak one. He lets his Subjects

Subjects live in Peace, becauſe he has neither Courage nor Capacity to make War. *Soranes* is rather his Tutor than his Miniſter; and when it came into your Head to ſet *Soranes* aſide, you was fain to read a Lecture to *Cambyſes* in Private, to enable him to anſwer in Publick. Has he not given you a worthy Father?

As for *Mandana*, ſhe is the beſt Princeſs in the World; a good virtuous Lady, always minding her Family, and one that never talks, but to entertain you with Fables *. That's her only Talent, and in that ſhe excels. All the Nurſes and Governeſſes in *Aſia*, need not be aſhamed to come to her School to learn the great Art of lulling froward Children to ſleep by their Stories, when all other Means to huſh them fail. Above all, her Fore-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 9, 14, &c.

ſight

ſight is miraculous. The Oracles had predicted, that a Child ſhould be born of her, who ſhould prove the Deſtroyer of the Empire of the *Medes*. *Aſtyages* was not ignorant of it. This Oracle is renewed after a ſignal Manner, in the Journey ſhe makes with you from *Perſia* to *Ecbatana*; and *Aſtyages* could not but hear of a new Incident ſo likely to revive, or even to create his Suſpicions. Notwithſtanding all this, *Mandana* is very unconcern'd about your Fate; nay, ſhe is ſo ſupine, as to retire †, no-body knows why, into *Perſia*, and to abandon you, without Reluctance, to the Mercy of a Prince who would naturally ſacrifice you to his own Repoſe, and the Tranquility of his Dominions. In a Situation ſo proper to alarm her Tenderneſs, ſhe is apprehenſive you will run no Dangers at the Court of *Ecbatana*, but

† The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 25.

from

from the Snares of Voluptuouſneſs. Judge now, after this, what a Part this Princeſs acts in your Hiſtory.

But what does it make of *Aſtyages*, ſaid *Cyrus*?

Oh! As for him, ſaid *Araſpes*, he is an Exception from the common Rule, and you muſt not be ſurpriz'd at it. *Aramys*, who every where elſe makes you ſo good a Man, here takes an Occaſion to render you odious, and prepares the Readers to cenſure your Carriage to *Aſtyages*, as an Inſtance of the blackeſt Ingratitude, the moſt crying Uſurpation that ever was known. In this he has perfectly ſucceeded, and every Reader who knows you in no other View, is offended to ſee you in Arms againſt *an amiable* *, *good natur'd, and beneficent Prince*, your Sovereign, your Grandfather;

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 13.

and

and a Grandfather whoſe Tenderneſs for you, was work'd up into a ſort of Paſſion, who hop'd to find you † *the Support of his old Age*, and who, for your Sake, quits a thouſand Suſpicions, which any other, in his Place, would certainly have entertain'd upon your Account.

And as to the good Man *Hyſtaſpes*, reply'd the Prince, what Figure does he make?

The moſt Groteſque Figure in Nature. Firſt, it ſays, That he is * *an experienc'd Commander, very Polite, a great Stateſman, and a great Philoſopher; a Man equally able, diſintereſted*, &c. Four Pages after this fine Beginning, which makes the Reader expect a certain Superiority of Genius, noble and eaſy Behaviour,

† The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 25.
* Ibid. p. 27.

you

you are pleaſed to be in Love with *Caſſandana*, and to want ſome good Counſel. **Hyſtaſpes* being confounded, knows not which Way to go about to adviſe you, and all his Ingenuity amounted to — What? You would never gueſs it — to the ſpinning out of a long Story that has no Relation to the Subject in Hand, and, which the next Man that comes, could have told you every whit as well as he; yet this is the only Step which he takes to inſtruct you in all the Time that he ſpends with you; and this is the Upſhot of all thoſe fine Qualities.

'Tis true, ſaid *Cyrus*, that *Hyſtaſpes* is there repreſented as a very pretty Model for Governors; young Princes ſurely would not be averſe to ſuch a *Mentor*. I fancy, continu'd he, that *Caſſandana* is no better treated than the reſt.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 33, &c.

Pardon

Pardon me, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, the Author has treated her but too gently. † He aſcribes great Merit to her in the firſt Place, but 'tis in vain; for ſhe makes no Uſe of it, eſpecially after ſhe was married.

Perhaps, ſaid the Prince with a Smile, the Author wittily deſign'd a ſhort Lecture to the Ladies, and to tell them, That after Marriage their Merit ought no longer to be mention'd; that their Husbands only ſhould be made ſenſible of it, and that it ought to be inviſible to all the reſt of Mankind.

No, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, bluntly, the Author of the Travels does not aim at all thoſe Refinements. His Deſign is only to read Lectures at your Expence, and of thoſe that are attach'd to you;

† The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 29, &c.

and

and 'tis his uſual Practice ironically to aſcribe great Talents at firſt to the Perſonages he makes a Jeſt of; and in four Lines after, he does not leave them a Shadow of one good or great one. He very wiſely thought ſuch Contraſt highly proper to render the Deformity of the Perſonages he brings upon the Stage more conſpicuous, and to divert the Readers. In one Place he ſays, I myſelf * *have a chearful Temper, and a ſolid Wit; that I am born for Arms, and form'd for a Court; and that I am qualify'd for every thing, both in Peace and War.*

Can you ſtill complain then, ſaid *Cyrus*, of the Author of the Travels?

I ſhall always complain, ſaid *Araſpes*, of having no Merit but what is imaginary, and vaniſhes as ſoon as I act or ſpeak.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 53, &c.

But

But I think, reply'd *Cyrus*, that you are too nice upon this Article.

'Tis eaſy for you to ſay ſo, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*; but if you had gone thro' the Book with me a little, and had ſeen what a Figure you make in your Travels, you would quite change your Tone.

Alas! ſaid the Prince, what ſhould I learn from ſuch a Leſſon? Nothing more than what I have already reproached myſelf for, twenty times. If you did but know how aſham'd I am of my Courſes!

This is the very Thing, reply'd *Araſpes*, that would provoke you the more to ſee how our Cenſor has recited them.

'Tis true, ſaid *Cyrus*, that we are never more ſtung with a Ridicule, than

than when we are conſcious to ourſelves that we have deſerved it.

As the Prince had made an End of theſe Words, he found himſelf going out of the Wood, and in the midſt of his Guards: For, as Night came on, he had left the Hill where he ſtay'd to converſe with *Araſpes*, and continuing his Diſcourſe with him, he was inſenſibly return'd to his Attendants, with whom he re-entered *Babylon*; where we ſhall find him more than once diſcourſing with his Favourite upon the Hiſtory of his Travels.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The Second Evening's *Converſation.*

CYRUS could not well go from his Palace the next Day after this firſt Converſation. It was already late, and the Sun, fatigued with its Courſe, was going to take a ſweet Refreſhment in the Boſom of the Ocean, before this Prince could diſ-

engage himſelf from the Multitude of Affairs with which he was encumber'd. At length, a little before Night came on, he went up to a Platform on the Top of his Palace, where the freſh Air was not his only Delight, but a thouſand various Objects, ſome more engaging than others, preſented themſelves to his View. On the one Hand appeared *Babylon*, its Structures, Walls, its vaſt Circumference, its Temples, and Gardens: The Palace was ſeparated from the City by a great Oval Area, above 300 Paces in Length; on each Side whereof was a ſtately Piazza, built Arch-wiſe, ſupported by five Rows of Pillars of green Marble. In the Middle aroſe an Obelisk of granate Marble, fifty Cubits in Height, where *Araſpes* had cauſed the principal Events of *Cyrus*'s Reign, to be carv'd in hieroglyphical Characters. On the four Sides of the Pedeſtal, which ſerv'd as the Baſe to this Pyramid, were *Baſſo Relievos* of

of exquiſite Sculpture, repreſenting the *Mede* here, the *Aſſyrian* there, the *Arabian* on one Side, and the *Indian* on the other, coming to preſent the new Lord of the Eaſt, with their Giſts and Homage. Four Palaces leſs than his Majeſty's, all the four of one Bigneſs, and the ſame Symetry, and fit to lodge as many Monarchs, were erected at the Bottom of the Area, which ſerved for the Reſidence of *Cyrus*'s Miniſters and principal Officers. Five of the largeſt Streets in *Babylon*, ran parallel into the Square, which were throng'd every Hour in the Day with buſy Inhabitants, Artificers, Chariots driving contrary Ways, running againſt, and entangling one another; all which made that agreeable Confuſion common to great Cities, the Sight of which is ſo proper to unbend the Mind when fatigued and cramp'd by tedious and cloſe Application. This was what attracted their Views on the South Side. On the

Eaſt they had an agreeable Plain, crown'd with a thick Foreſt. And on the North, a vaſt Champain Country, bounded by Mountains whoſe lofty Tops o'erlook'd the Clouds. On the Weſt Side they ſaw the *Euphrates*, and its Keys, whoſe Waves were often as boiſterous as a raging Sea, toſſing Barks without Number, laden with Goods of a thouſand different Kinds, ſome going out, others coming in, whoſe various Motions, the Daſhing of the Oars, the Working of the Mariners, the Hurries of the reſtleſs induſtrious Merchants backwards and forwards; all theſe in one View, afforded the Eyes a Proſpect, than which, none could be more engaging, or more diverſify'd.

While *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* had their Eyes turn'd on this Side, they perceived a Bark, curiouſly adorn'd, making to Land, which put a Shore two young

young Foreigners of a good Mien, attended with ſome Slaves. *Cyrus* ſtopp'd a while to take a View of them, and then turning towards *Araſpes*, ſaid to him, Thus did we formerly rove up and down the World; and I ſhould be glad, for our own Reputation, that theſe two Foreigners juſt arriv'd, might prove the Sons of ſome powerful Monarch metamorphos'd, like us, into Adventurers.

Sir, you ſhall quickly know, reply'd *Araſpes*, whether your Wiſhes are fulfilled. At theſe Words he call'd one of the Officers of the Prince's Guards, and ſent him to inquire of what Quality theſe Foreigners were, and what Buſineſs brought them to *Babylon*.

The Officer return'd in an Inſtant, with Tidings, that the two Foreigners were the Sons of a certain *Arabian* Prince, a Tributary to *Cyrus*, and

that their Father ſent them to be train'd up at the Court of his Sovereign.

I really thought, ſaid *Araſpes*, that we ſhould not find any Inſtances to give a Sanction to ſuch ſingular Conduct as ours was, for a certain Term.

Will you always be harping upon this String, reply'd *Cyrus*, with a Tone of ſome Indignation?

Oh! To be plain with you, reply'd *Araſpes*, I did not think you was of a Temper to be fretted by the mention of the ſame Thing over again. You muſt have been accuſtom'd to hear the ſame Leſſon often repeated; for all thoſe Maſters whom you conſulted in your Travels, did but copy one another, and yet you were not tir'd with hearing them.

Does

Does *Aramys* take any Notice of that, ſaid *Cyrus*?

He had not Power to overlook it, reply'd *Araſpes*. Not one of your Failings eſcapes him, and you may depend upon it, that he has blazon'd them in all their Colours.

I would fain know, reply'd *Cyrus*, what he ſays was the Motive of my Travels.

What Motive, ſaid the Favourite? Nothing but a Fancy to ramble o'er the World like a Knight Errant. But hold, I am miſtaken, your Father bad you go, and away you march, without any other View or Deſign.

But had not *Cambyſes* neither ſome Motive, ſaid *Cyrus*, when he laid that Injunction on me?

No,

No, reply'd *Araſpes*; but ſtay a little —let me recollect. Yes, * continued he with a Smile, he ſent you to learn Divinity and Law, in the Schools of *Greece* and *Egypt*. The Author alſo does not fail to hint how ſeaſonably † the Death of *Caſſandana* happen'd, to put you in a Condition to anſwer the great Purpoſes which your Father had form'd for your Education; and how that wiſe Prince, finding you a little too raw at the Age of Thirty, and notwithſtanding you had reſided ſo long at the Court of *Ecbatana*, thought fit that you ſhould make your Tours into Foreign Countries, in order to poliſh you. Above all, he paints to the Life that more than diſintereſted Tenderneſs of *Cambyſes* and *Mandana*, who are not troubled to loſe you,

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 118, &c.
† Ibid. p. 116.

pro-

provided they put you in a Way to be a complete Man *; that marvellous Docility with which you abruptly began your Travels, without making the leaſt Reflection in your Mind on the Abſurdity of the Commands laid upon you. —

Cyrus interrupted him, ſaying, Don't call it Docility, 'twas Folly, and I am obliged to the Author for having ſo well expoſed the Extravagance of my Conduct, in thus abandoning my Country, my Family, a Throne, which perhaps might be vacant when I was at the other End of the World; and all this to run a thouſand Dangers.

Oh! as to Dangers, reply'd *Araſpes*, *Aramys* has taken great Care to make us avoid them all. You have all the Reaſon in the World to be ſatisfy'd with

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 120.

him

him upon this Article; for never did Author treat his Hero with more Good-Nature and Civility. He always makes us ſail with the fineſt Weather in the World; the fierce North-Winds hold in their Blaſts; the *Zephyr* is the only Wind that preſumes to breathe upon the Water, and juſt fills the Sails with Wind to carry us in an Inſtant from one Port to another ‡. No Tempeſt, no Rocks, no Ship-wrecks, no Pyrates in our Way. This is not all, we are even exempted from the Inconveniences to which Voyages are moſt neceſſarily ſubject. We never want any Thing, and even in the wildeſt Deſarts, we find obliging and courteous Hoſts, who are proud to make ſuch Strangers as us welcome. Whatever Town we arrive at, the very Man we want meets us in the Nick of Time, who is order'd to do

‡ The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 120, 157, 234.

us

us the Honours of the Place. Here, without any more Trouble or Ceremony, we inquire the Way to *Badeo* *. After ſo coarſe a Salutation, honeſt *Amenophis* immediately falls in Love with you, and importunes you to ſtay all Night with him. *Pythagoras* civilly excuſes you ſo much as the Trouble of mentioning your Name, and knows by your Mien only, that you are the Son of *Cambyſes* †. 'Tis true that, in order to ſalve Appearances, your Hiſtorian transforms this Philoſopher into a Prophet, and makes him foreſee, in the remoteſt Futurity, the pretended Proſperity ‡ of I know not what Town in *Italy*.—But to return to our Voyages: if the Gods themſelves were to travel upon Earth, I would defy them to be more courteous than *Aramys* has been to us.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 121.
† Ibid. Vol. II. p. 8.
‡ Ibid. p. 55.

Confeſs

Confeſs then for once, ſaid *Cyrus*, that you are much obliged to him: If he had deſcrib'd Things as they commonly fall out, and as they actually happen'd to us, how much murmuring and fretting, how many trifling Scenes would he not have exhibited, which would have made the Publick laugh at your Expence?

It was not out of Good-Will to me, reply'd *Araſpes*, that he has ſaid nothing of the Dangers we ran, and the Obſtacles we had to overcome. He was apprehenſive that, while he was deſcribing our Adventures, even ſuch as were the moſt mortifying, your Manner of extricating yourſelf out of them, would diſcover ſuch Touches of Courage, Reſolution, and Skill, as would contradict the diſadvantagious Character he deſign'd to give of you. But I would have heartily forgiven him the Relation of my

my Uneaſineſs, being fully convinc'd that the Publick would have been ſo good-humour'd as to excuſe me on that Head. In ſhort, how can one, with Patience, hear all the Childiſh Things that are told you *? *The Egg of the World*; *the old She-Goat of* Hermes †; *the Entrance of our Souls* ‡ *into the Bodies of a Cat, an Ape*, &c. and ſo many other extravagant Whimſies, with which all thoſe Quacks you conſulted, uſed to ſtuff their tedious Diſcourſes. As for your Part, who had a Genius turn'd for profound Speculations, I fancy you found Sublime Myſteries in them; but I, who was of a quite different Goût, ſaw nothing in them but Chimeras and Abſurdities, which tended to make me out of Conceit with our Occupation. So that while you re-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 192.
† Ibid. p. 182.
‡ Ibid. p. 191.

turned

turned from your Travels, full of ſure and ſolid Principles in Religion, I only came back with a greater Share of Ignorance and Doubts than ever.

How miſtaken you are, dear *Araſpes*, ſaid *Cyrus*, in the Notion you have form'd of my Knowledge! I was far from meeting with that Satisfaction from the Philoſophers which I expected.

This, ſaid *Araſpes*, puts me in Mind of a very pleaſant Paſſage, which your Hiſtorian has related of you, in one of the Theological Lectures which he makes *Zoroaſter* to read to you: This Philoſopher tells you, That before you inhabited a Mortal Body, you were a *Jynga*, *Synoche*, or *Coſmogoge* *.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 105, 110.

Coſmogoge,

Coſmogoge, *Synoche*, Heavens! what Names are here, ſaid *Cyrus*, What do you think they mean?

Oh, Sir, you put a very hard Queſtion to me, anſwer'd *Araſpes*; How ſhould I know? *Aramys* himſelf perhaps knew not; at leaſt he ſays nothing of it.

I could not have believed, reply'd *Cyrus*, that a Man of ſuch Senſe would have ſunk into Pedantry, and made ſuch a ſilly Parade with Terms, which the Generality of his Readers would be at a Loſs to underſtand, and ſuch too, as, in all Appearance, were foreign to his Subject.

Not ſo foreign neither, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſaid *Araſpes*. Don't you know what a Virtue there is in a String of ſuch ſtrange uncouth Names as *Amilictes*, *Teletarches*, and *Coſmogoges*, to ridi-

cule the Great Man who delivers them to you gravely. Nothing could be better than ſuch a pleaſant Turn, to anſwer the Deſign of *Aramys*, to make his Readers a little merry at the Expence of *Zoroaſter*, and to put him in the Dreſs of a perfect School-Maſter: This Character too tallies wonderfully with yours. You are in this Place the apteſt little Scholar I ever ſaw; and this brings me to what I had at firſt in View. After the long and tireſome Diſcourſe, in which it is revealed to you that you were a *Jynga* *, you are ſeized with Aſtoniſhment, and cry out, *I am then a Ray of Light emitted from its Principle.* The Enthuſiaſm is charming, and always makes me laugh whenever I think on't.

Yet, ſaid *Cyrus*, in the Manner you relate Things to me, I cannot

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 113.

think

think that *Jynga* was a very luminous Being in the Hiſtory of my Travels.

Oh, ſaid *Araſpes*, *Aramys* did not place you there to look ſo nicely into it: It anſwers his Purpoſe better not to make you ſo quick-ſighted; which furniſhes him with freſh Matter of Ridicule in the very ſame Paſſage. You addreſs yourſelf ingenuouſly, and with a certain Air of Simplicity, than which, nothing becomes you better, to *Zoroaſter*, to ask him by what Way it is that they aſcend to the *Empyreum*, which he had told you but the Moment before *. But *Zoroaſter* was a good Tutor; he was not tir'd with Repetition; he knew the Levity of Youth, and that, after they had heard the ſame Things repeated ten times, it was well if they could but once underſtand and retain them; therefore he had the Complaiſance,

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 112.

after the Parentheſes and Preambles common to Pedants *, to point out to you, in the ſame Terms as before, the High Road, about which you was in ſo much Pain: What you did not underſtand at the firſt Leſſon-time, you are fully Maſter of at the Second; and God knows how your Tranſports were doubled, when you were told, to your great Aſtoniſhment, what the meaneſt Shepherd's Boy in *Perſia* learns, while he is at the Breaſt, *That Virtue alone conducts Men to the Reſidence of the Immortal Gods.*

You talk at ſuch a Rate, ſaid *Cyrus* with a Smile, as if you thought me infected with all his Nonſenſe.

Oh! far from it, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes.* But after all, continued he, let me tell you, whenever I was a Witneſs of your Dogmatical Conferences,

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 114, 115.

I thought you ſtrangely wrapt up in Admiration of them. You were always for crying up the fine Things which your Maſters told you of; and to ſee the Exclamations and extatick Raptures which you fell into when you heard them *, I imagin'd that every Word that came from them, was an Oracle which reveal'd ſome great Myſtery to you; and of this 'tis true that you every where gave Demonſtration. I remember you had a certain Round of Compliments, which came about in their Turn: one was as juſtly beſtow'd as another; and he that had the Honour to converſe with you, was always, in your Eſteem, the greateſt Man. Yet it was impoſſible but all thoſe Doctors muſt, from Time to Time, give each other the Lye, upon more than one Article.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 101, &c. 113, 198. Vol. II. p. 44, 152, 192.

And that was the very Thing which, reply'd *Cyrus*, afterwards gave me Perplexity. I confeſs, to my Shame, I was ſucceſſively the Bubble of all the various Fables that were told me; but being rid of that Miſt, which Surprize, and the Want of Experience, at firſt caſt before my Eyes, I made Reflections, which, if they could not protect me againſt Impoſition, ſerv'd, at leaſt, to recover me out of it. In all the Leſſons that I had been taught, I thought I perceived Contradictions and Trifles, which I bluſh'd that I had ever given Ear to. *Zoroaſter*, ſaid I, tells me that the Ethereal Matter, which is diffuſed thro' the whole Univerſe *, is the Body of the Great *Oromazes*, and that his Soul is Truth. What I breathe, what I act, what I feel; in a Word, every Thing that exiſts, is therefore God: Beſides, to ſay that this God

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 98.

has

has Truth for his Soul, is to ſay that he is inanimate; for Truth in itſelf is nothing; 'tis only the ſimple Conformity which one Thing bears with another; 'tis but a mere Mode, which may ſuit with what is only pure Matter; and a God, who has no other Soul than that, is a God truly material. To ſay therefore that God is Matter, which has Truth for its Soul, is really ſaying, that there is no God: And the Order of the Univerſe demonſtrates to us, that it could not be eſtabliſh'd and preſerv'd by any Thing leſs than an intelligent Being, a pure Spirit, inhabiting neither Matter in general, nor any Portion of Matter in particular. This, Reaſon tells me, and *Zoroaſter* himſelf agrees to it *; how then can all theſe Notions be reconciled together?

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 91, &c. 96, 97, &c. 104, &c.

'Tis a Judgment, ſays he, upon the Soul of a wicked Man to be ſent into the Body of a Beaſt *; but where would be the great Harm of ſuch Tranſmigration? Are not the Pleaſures of a Rat the ſame to it, as ours are to us? and, as to its Troubles, are they comparable to thoſe which conſume us? In ſuch a State our Knowledge is more limited; but then, if our Underſtanding was leſs, would not our Sufferings be ſo too? The great Misfortune of theſe Conditions would be the Remembrance of what we had been formerly. But could *Zoroaſter* be ſure what Body his Soul inhabited before it animated that of an *Indian* Prince? For my Part, my Memory does not extend beyond my Infancy, and *Cyrus* is the only Being that I ever knew in this Trunk.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 112.

But,

But, reply'd *Araſpes*, one may venture to affirm, that you have undergone a Sort of Metempſychoſis: You were at firſt no more than the Son of a Shepherd, afterwards you became the Son of a King, and, in Time, you came to be King yourſelf: But, if I miſtake not, the Tranſmigrations which pleaſe *Zoroaſter*, muſt be ſomewhat more phyſical, and not ſo eaſy to retain as thoſe: That which *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have boaſted, would be very much to the Goût of our Sage. I was told at *Gnoſſus*, that the Philoſopher of *Samos* remember'd the Part he bore at the Siege of *Troy*.

But, ſaid *Cyrus*, granting what you pleaſe for once, would Animals be much afflicted by ſuch Remembrance of their former Condition? I believ'd once, upon the Authority of *Zoroaſter*, that I was an Angel before I inhabited

inhabited a Mortal Body *. Was *Cyrus*, for that Reaſon, the leſs dear to me? Had I the leſs Deſire to remain in my preſent State? 'Tis the ſame Caſe with a Rat; be its Notions of the Being it had formerly what they will, its Attachment to its preſent Condition prevails above all other Conſiderations: How induſtrious is it to avoid the Traps laid for it, and to prolong thoſe Days which appear to us to be ſo dark and contemptible! Therefore the Paſſage of our Souls into Bodies of this Sort, is not, as *Zoroaſter* pretends, a Puniſhment of our Crimes. But, in fine, I once ſaid, How came the Principle or Motive of ſuch Tranſmigration to the Knowledge of *Zoroaſter*? Was it by Reaſoning? No; this Event is a Matter of Fact, and Facts are not learnt by Reaſoning. Was it by his own Experience, by the Depoſition

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 111.

of

of any unexceptionable Witneſſes? But we know No-body that remembers the having undergone any ſuch Metamorphoſes. We are told of *Pythagoras*. Why ſhould not a thouſand others know as much of their Deſtiny as he? His Teſtimony alone ought to go for nothing in an Affair of this Nature. All that *Zoroaſter* therefore told me on this Head, was only Viſion and Chimera.

But, ſaid *Araſpes*, he could not miſs of teaching you fine Things upon the Stars, you came from him with ſo good a Taſte for Aſtronomy.

Really, ſaid *Cyrus*, a Man muſt be a great Aſtronomer, and far advanc'd in the Knowledge of the heavenly Bodies, who teaches, that the Moon is inhabited by Fools,* *Saturn* by Man-haters, and that all the Cœ-

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 108, 110.

leſtial

leſtial Globes have need of Guides to conduct them, leſt they ſhould ramble from their Orbits. Nevertheleſs, that was all *Zoroaſter* knew of Aſtronomy, and the worthy Object of my Faith and Admiration; tho', with all the Abſurdities that *Zoroaſter* fill'd my Head, he gave me ſome ſolid Notions: But, before I conſulted him, Reaſon had already taught me to know the great *Oromazes*, to eſteem Virtue, and not to look upon Death as the Deſtruction of my Being. The reſt of his Doctrine conſiſted only of Fables, which were enough to make me doubt even of the Truths he interſpers'd in them, if thoſe Truths had not been founded upon other Principles than the Authority of a contemplative Viſionary.

But depend on't, reply'd *Araſpes*, that the Author of the *Travels* does not make you any Allowance upon this Article. Your Credulity, your Tran-

Tranſports, your Raptures, that amazing Flexibility of Mind which ſuffer'd you to be carried in a trice from one Syſtem to another; all this is painted to the Life; and he has taken care to procure me Satisfaction for the Chagrin I ſo often endur'd from your indefatigable Attention to ſo many inceſſant Bablers.

I ſhould have been glad, ſaid *Cyrus*, if I had come off as cheap as you; for ſuch Diſcourſes were not only ſurfeiting to me, but gave me much more Anxiety of Mind than the being barely tireſome, becauſe the different Leſſons of ſo many Tutors, threw me into ſtrange Perplexities of Thought. Falſhood was generally exhibited to me in the ſame Colours as Truth, without any Marks whereby to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. I knew not which Side of the Queſtion to adhere to, and my Mind waver'd, for a long Time, in a diſmal Uncer-

Uncertainty. *Daniel*, would you think it? not *Daniel* himſelf could extricate me out of it. The Character he gave me of the Religion of the *Jews*, * was great, noble, and, at firſt Sight, enchanting; but my Mind had been accuſtomed to Doubts. The Abſurdities to which I at firſt abandon'd myſelf, made me fearful of falling into new Difficulties, and put me upon my Guard againſt all ſingular Notions in the Point of Religion. I examined *Daniel*'s Diſcourſe, and could diſcover nothing in the Picture he had drawn, but what I thought perfectly conſiſtent with Reaſon, and becoming the Majeſty of God. The Chimeras and Contradictions of the *Magi*, found no Room in the Theology of the *Hebrews*; but this was not enough for me. The Prophet only declar'd his Syſtem, and a Declaration is no Evidence. A

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 173, &c.

Thing

Thing is not always a whit the more real becauſe 'tis plauſible, and ſomething more than Probability is neceſſary for the Belief of Facts. I hop'd that *Daniel* had declar'd nothing but what was true, yet I was not yet ſure of it. He had not inſiſted long enough upon the Principles that might ſerve to defeat my Suſpicions, and had but juſt hinted them. At that Time our Wars commenced with the *Aſſyrians*; and in the Victories which I gained, I ſaw the Accompliſhment of the *Jewiſh* Prophecies. This Event began to diſpel my Doubts. In order to confirm myſelf farther in my new Opinion, when I became Maſter of *Aſſyria*, I conſulted the *Jewiſh* Prieſts, examined the Proofs on which their Religion is founded, and thought them undeniable. They carried Conviction to my Mind. My Reaſon could not deny its Aſſent to a Religion that ſtood upon ſuch a

Baſis, and my Heart began to enjoy that Tranquillity which the Chimeras I had learnt in my Travels, had only ſerved to ruffle.

Araſpes reply'd, with an Air of Banter, If the Diſcoveries made to you upon the Head of Religion, were not ſatisfactory to your Mind, you were handſomly made Amends by the profound Knowledge you acquir'd of the Laws, and you return'd from your Travels better qualify'd to be the Legiſlator, than the Conqueror, of *Aſia*.

That's very apparent, ſaid *Cyrus*, with a Smile, and my Capacity, in that reſpect, may be judg'd of by the Effects it has produc'd. *Perſia* has a new Face ſince my Return, and all the *Eaſt* acknowledges my Laws. That, added he, was the Effect of my Studies.

But

But really, ſaid *Araſpes*, you cannot aſcribe this to what you gain'd in your Travels; for *Solon*'s School was not the only Place where you learnt the Law which you have now eſtabliſh'd in *Aſia*.

Oh! ſaid *Cyrus*, I pretend to excel my Tutors, and to make a new Code, as good as theirs.

'Tis true, reply'd *Araſpes*, that one great Secret to make new Diſcoveries in Law, is to have an Army of a hundred thouſand Men in the Field, and to know how to conduct it well. This gives an Inſight into a thouſand fine Things, which others would never have thought of, and makes a Man, in the twinkling of an Eye, a greater Legiſlator than *Minos*, *Licurgus*, or *Solon*.

But Raillery apart, Sir, Behold you are now the quiet Poſſeſſor of two vaſt Empires. *Egypt* will think herſelf very happy, if you let her be at Peace, and *Scythia* will no more preſume, now the *Medes* have a Warlike Prince, to continue the Incurſions which their Effeminacy incourag'd her to make into their Territories. Perhaps you will be willing to employ your leiſure Time to give new Laws to your Subjects, and then thoſe which you made yourſelf Maſter of in your Travels, will be of very great Help to you.

Undoubtedly, reply'd *Cyrus*, a little Republic is the exact Model by which a great Monarchy ought to be regulated, and we will have the ſame Police in all *Aſia*, as in a ſingle City of *Greece*. The only Option lies between *Sparta* and *Athens*.* Help

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 211.

me

me to determine it, for I am puzzled which to chuſe. *

I ſee, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, that now I muſt have a Care what I ſay. You are in a jeſting Vein, and you take me up at every Word. I will endeavour, hereafter, to give you leſs Advantage. But to return to our Laws. Is there nothing in thoſe of *Egypt* that you think worthy of Imitation? †

Indeed, reply'd *Cyrus*, *Egypt* is a great Monarchy: But what need is there of going out of *Perſia* to learn the Hiſtory and Laws of *Egypt*? And if that Knowledge was indiſpenſably neceſſary for a great Prince, could not I acquire it at a cheaper Rate? Beſides, if the Buſineſs of Government, and the Ambition of becoming a good Judge, had been the Objects of my

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 259.
† Ibid. p. 171.

Paſſion, I ſhould have found more Helps for it in *Perſia*, than were requiſite. You know how eager they are there in the Study of the Law, and that Lectures of it are read to us in the public Schools, at an Age when we are neither in a Capacity to comprehend them, nor in the Humour to reliſh them *. I might therefore have been a great Civilian without going ſo far, but it was never my Inclination. I always imagin'd that it was the Duty of a Prince to approve himſelf a Judge, rather than a Lawyer, and that he ought to apply himſelf much more to find out the Character and Talents of thoſe whom he ſets up to adminiſter Juſtice, than to unravel the Intricacies of a Queſtion of Law.

Why then, ſaid *Araſpes*, did you take ſo much Pains to inform yourſelf of the Laws in the Courſe of your Travels?

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 4.

Have

Have not I already told you, said *Cyrus*, that I did not know what I would be at, nor why? I was then the same Man in the Hands of *Cambyses* and *Mandana*, as I have been since in the Hands of the Writer of my *Travels*. I chang'd my Taste and Genius, purely to assume such Character as they thought fit to give me.

Then, said *Araspes*, your informing yourself of certain odd Customs establish'd among all the Nations, whose Laws you thought fit to consult, was only for the Sake of a little Diversion?

When all's done, if that was my Design, said *Cyrus*, I have not had very bad Success.

There's but one little Objection, said *Araspes*, which I see, against

your having ſuch a View; 'Tis, that your Hiſtorian will not allow you Brains enough for ſuch a Contrivance; ſo that, if you pleaſe, you muſt revert to the firſt Syſtem, and ſay, that you acted ſo without knowing why.

Oh! reply'd *Cyrus*, with your Author's Leave, I plainly ſaw what I was doing. I perceiv'd every Time, that all my Doctors in Law taught me nothing, and that, as to the Laws, all that I learnt lately, was perfectly trifling. Indeed, as to Politeneſs, and whatever contributes to the Agreeableneſs of Society, it was not eaſy to add to the Lectures which I had received in this Kind at the Court of *Ecbatana* *. As to good Order, and inoffenſive Behaviour, what could I deſire more than what I ſaw already publiſh'd, and even practis'd, in *Perſia* †? Now, with ſuch Diſpo-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 6, &c.
† Ibid. p. 3, &c.

ſitions

ſitions as theſe, was not I very well qualify'd to do without any other Inſtruction, and to perceive the Defect of thoſe that were given me?--But I believe we are both tired. Let us drop the irkſome Remembrance of my Travels, and, at preſent, only think of taking neceſſary Nouriſhment and Reſt, for we muſt go thro' a great deal of Buſineſs To-morrow. At theſe Words *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* parted, and met, for ſeveral Days together, upon more important Affairs than diſcourſing upon *Aramys*'s Book.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The THIRD EVENING's *Converſation.*

CYRUS was a great Lover of Hunting, the Favourite Diverſion of Heroes and Conquerors, and an Exerciſe which, in the very Calms of Peace, gives them a lively Image of War, and reminds them of their Conqueſts and their Glory. A monſtrous

ſtrous Wild Boar, ſuch as the *Caledonian*, or that from which *Hercules* deliver'd the *Erymanthean* Foreſt, ravag'd the neighbouring Country of *Babylon*, making ſuch dreadful Havock of the Corn and Cattle, that the Husbandman and the Shepherd were afraid to venture out of their Cots. *Cyrus* knew this, and, like another *Hercules*, after having rooted out Tyrants, being reſolv'd to rid the Earth of Monſters too he attack'd and kill'd the Wild Boar with his own Hands. Being fatigu'd with the Toil which this Victory had coſt him, he was retiring to one of his Hunting Seats, when he was detain'd on the Way by a more engaging Object. As he was deſcending into a Vale, he perceived, on the Declivity of a Hill, a ſpacious Grotto, which Nature had dug in the Rock. The Tapeſtry of its Walls was an ever-green Moſs, and all round it was a little Plain of about a hundred Paces, where Nature alone had

had provided Rows of Lime-Trees, which furniſh'd a healthful Shade, and with their twining Branches form'd in ſeveral Places delightful Bowers. Out of this Rock there ſpouted a Torrent of clear Water, which, after having made itſelf a Baſin in the Middle of the Grotto, roll'd by twenty different Caſcades into vaſt Meadows at the Foot of the Hill, as charming as the beautiful *Tempe*, and thoſe famous Vales of *Theſſaly*, ſo much boaſted by the Poets. Here a hundred different Springs, that iſſued from the Hills, form'd as many Canals, whoſe pure Waters made the Air cool, and the Soil fertile, and divided the Vale into a vaſt Number of little Iſlands, which were all different both in Form and Size. On the Banks of theſe Streams were long Walks of Willows and Poplars, where the tender Nightingale was admir'd for her ſweet Melody; while numerous Flocks skipped upon the Graſs,

Graſs, and the Hills echoed inceſſantly with the harmonious Lays of the Shepherds, ſitting in the Shade, who, by Turns, with their Rural Pipes, celebrated their Gods, their Flocks, their flowry Meadows, their chaſte Amours, and the innocent Charms of their Shepherdeſſes. The falſe Delicacy of the *Medes* and *Aſſyrians*, had not vitiated the Taſte of *Cyrus*. He ſtill found Allurements in Nature's Simplicity, and had the Senſe to prefer the Pleaſures ſhe preſented, before the fantaſtical Niceties of far-fetch'd Luxury. The Proſpect before his Eyes ſo enchanted him, that he was deſirous to paſs the Remainder of the Day in this Grotto; and the Fare his Officers had prepared for him was brought hither. It ſeem'd as if the God *Morpheus* himſelf had ſprinkled it with the kindly Juice of his moiſteſt Poppies; for ſcarce had the Prince finiſh'd his Repaſt, when his weary Limbs were overtaken with a ſweet

Slumber,

Slumber, from which he was not till very late awaked, by the Lowing of the Cattle, as they returned from their fat Paſtures to their Stables. *Cyrus*, even after he was awake, could not tell how to leave this delightful Place. He walk'd a while with *Araſpes*, under the Lime-Trees without the Grotto, and preſently ſaid to his Favourite, Can you tell what I have been taken up with in my Nap?

To any other but a great Monarch, I ſhould have made anſwer, ſaid *Araſpes*, that he had been taken up with ſleeping. But ſuch Spirits as yours are never at Reſt. To them even Sleep is Gain, and they often ſee the Birth of Projects. ——

No more of your Compliments, ſaid *Cyrus*, but attend to my Dream, which has ariſen from our two Converſations. I imagin'd I was reading the

the Hiſtory of my Travels, and that I there met with a large Collection of excellent Laws. I thought immediately of eſtabliſhing them thro'-out the whole Extent of my Dominions, and actually took Meaſures to remove the Obſtacles which hinder'd the Execution of my Deſign.

Alas! Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, ſince you are ſetting up for a Legiſlator, upon the Plan drawn up by *Aramys*, pray begin with putting a Law in Force, which that Hiſtorian aſcribes to the *Perſians*, *viz. That which gives a Power to proſecute a Man who is guilty of Ingratitude* *. You will thereby do me a vaſt Pleaſure, for your Favours to me have put me in a Condition to oblige a Multitude of People, who never ſo much as think of making me any Acknowledge-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 5.

ment

ment for the Services I have done them.

'Tis probable, said *Cyrus*, that *Aramys* only charges that Law to our Account by Way of Banter; for never was there any such Law in *Persia*: *Persia* aims at Things of more Importance, and leaves such Visions to the *Egyptians*, who, by an over-fondness for Grandeur and Elegance, often run into Whimsies. In the Collection of their Laws, there is that you have been talking of, which really is no great Argument of the good Sense of those who made it. For, in order to punish Ingratitude, it should at first be very nicely determin'd what it is to be ungrateful; what are the particular Cases wherein a Person may be deem'd to deserve that Character; and how far Gratitude should go. A Price ought to be set upon every Benefit, even those which are, as we may call it, in their

their own Nature invaluable, and for which the Benefactor has no Reward, but the Pleasure he took in conferring them.

But suppose the Legislator to be got out of this Labyrinth, and that he rates the very Degrees of Affection in a Service, which so far enhance the Value of it; Does he render People a whit the more grateful? No; he only alters the Nature of our Obligations. Instead of a Correspondence, founded only in Generosity on the one Part, and in Sincerity on the other, he substitutes Obligations of Justice; and Gratitude, which was no more than a frank Exchange of good Offices, becomes a Traffick, a mercenary Barter, which debases noble Souls, and accustoms them to have an Eye to sordid Interest, in every good Action they do. 'Tis plain, therefore, that this Law is equally whimsical and pernicious.

Pfam-

Pſammetichus, when he eſtabliſh'd it, ſuffer'd his Eyes to be dazzled by the falſe Glare which it ſtrikes the Mind with at the firſt View; and tho' it has ſubſiſted in *Egypt* for many Ages, it was never ſo much as once put in Execution. Yet how many Services and Favours have ſuffer'd Oblivion there all the while from Ingratitude!

But to make you amends for ſuch a Law, I will take Care to eſtabliſh another, which the Writer of my Travels will, undoubtedly, not fail to inſert in his learned Collection.

After the Example of the Kings of *Egypt* *, I will make an Order, that every Morning, when I have offer'd up my Prayers in the Temple, a High Prieſt ſhall come and reproach me before the whole Court in a long Harangue, with Faults which his own

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 172.

Imagination, or his Ignorance of Affairs, will not fail to magnify: Theſe ſhall he paint with the moſt lively Colours that his Eloquence can invent, taking Care to ſoften the Picture by a courteous Inſinuation, that he believes I only fell into them thro' Weakneſs, and an implicit Regard to the evil Counſels you gave me: Then will his Reſentment break out againſt you, and, to crown his Harangue, he'll load the wicked Miniſter who governs me, with Imprecations. But fear nothing; theſe vehement Invectives will be of the greateſt Service to us in the World, and only tend to make us the more dear to the People, who will make it a Law to themſelves, bitterly to bewail thoſe Men after their Death, who were repreſented to them, when living, as unworthy of their Eſteem and Affection.

I am

I am very much obliged to you, reply'd *Araſpes*, for the Amends you make me; but, thanks to the Gods, I can very well make a Shift without ſuch Equivalent. As for perſuading your Court and Subjects that I only am to blame for all the falſe Steps you have taken, I want no High Prieſt to come with great Ceremony, and to pronounce me guilty of them according to the Law; for the Publick are already but too apt, without the Intervention of the Laws, to acquit their Sovereigns, and condemn their Miniſters. Beſides, if we were upon a Par; — but hold, I was perhaps going to ſay too much. No, believe me, Sir, ſince you are for adopting ſome of the Laws of *Egypt*, take that which orders the Proſecution of the Dead *. 'Tis a very diverting one; by it we come at a thorow Know-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 177.

ledge of the Living; we diſcover a thouſand little Memoirs of Secret Hiſtory, that are very curious and entertaining; and, after having diverted ourſelves in the Courſe of the Trial, we paſs a Sentence without Reluctance on the Convict, when we ſee him not afraid of the Conſequences. If you do but eſtabliſh this Cuſtom, added he, I beſpeak the Exerciſe of that Judicature for myſelf, excluſive of all your other Miniſters. This will give me Pleaſure, after the Fatigue of all my other Functions: And then, God knows how much I ſhall be fear'd and courted by a world of Families, whoſe Secrets will be in my keeping.

There's but one Difficulty that hinders me, ſaid the Prince. How ſhall we do after a Battle? The Enemy will eſcape, and we ſhall loſe all the Fruits of the Victory, while we are taken up with our Inquiries.

Never

Never fear that, reply'd *Araſpes*, we will then diſpatch Affairs, as your Judges diſpatch them, when the Time draws near in which you permit them to take ſome Months Reſpite. We'll try all the Slain at once, and judge them by the Lump. The Soldiers kill'd in your Service, will always be the honeſteſt Fellows in the World, and your Enemies will be Wretches worthy of a worſe Fate than what they have juſt undergone.

According to your Way of Talking, ſaid *Cyrus*, I fancy you would alſo adviſe me to order, that the Wives throughout my Dominions may be in common, as they are in *Sparta* *.

Why not, reply'd *Araſpes*? you cannot think how it would ſhorten

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 218, &c.

our Uneaſineſs, Care, and Trouble, could but a Way be found out to introduce this happy Complaiſance, and could it once be receiv'd, *that Women were the Property of the State, more than of their Husbands* *.

So that at this Rate, added *Cyrus*, all *Aſia* muſt be but one Family †, in which properly ſpeaking, there would be neither Father, nor Mother, nor Children, nor Friendſhip, nor Care, nor Tenderneſs, nor Dependance, among the particular Members, but the State would ſupply the Place of All. In order therefore to reduce this convenient Syſtem into Practice, begin firſt of all, for a good Example; generouſly to lend thy Wife to ——

No; by your leave, Sir, *Araſpes* bluntly reply'd, I don't pretend to

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 219.
† Ibid. p. 220.

any

any Generoſity in that Article. I have a Taſte altogether the ſame with the Niggard and the Cit; I am for keeping a Wife to my ſelf alone; I find too that I have a Spirit mean enough to be fond of Children, and that I can't live without the Cares and Uneaſineſſes of a Family. I am ſometimes aſham'd on't, but endeavour to make myſelf eaſy by conſidering what Numbers there are of the ſame Kidney; and then I am too far advanc'd in Years to reform.

You are in the right, ſaid *Cyrus*; The Heart of Man is form'd for Attachment to Views leſs abſtracted, and more confin'd than a State, a Republick, &c. and thoſe looſe and general Engagements which tend to the vacating of all particular ones, are Chimeras which human Nature is not capable of admitting. The prevailing Byaſs of Man, and that which is moſt difficult for him to ſhake off, is the

Principle of Property; and a Taſte for particular Unions, is too univerſal, and too deeply rooted in our Hearts, not to be a Law of Nature.

I conceive that a handful of Men may form a ſeparate Syſtem to themſelves, and for a while purſue it; but the Multitude will always abandon them, to adhere to the S ſtem of Nature. They who moſt affect Singularity, are compell'd at laſt to recede from it. Nature, in ſpight of Oppoſition, inſenſibly recovers her Prerogatives, and we ſhall ſee *Lacedæmon*, ſooner or later, depart from odd Cuſtoms, and reſume the common Track.

Really it would be in vain for human Laws to multiply the Objects of our Love. They have no Power over the Heart; and, as at the ſame Time they could not make a proportionable Addition to that Stock of Ten-

Tenderneſs of which we are capable, inſtead of the moſt univerſal Community in the Article of Wives, we ſhould find thoſe particular Engagements, thoſe ſweet Unions which ſo powerfully attract the Heart of Man, would revive every Day, in Defiance of the Laws. But what Jealouſies! what Troubles, Strife, and Violence, would not Exceptions of this Kind occaſion? The Reſervedneſs of Wives would then be as pernicious to Society, as their Incontinency may be at this Time; and the Inconveniencies which you would propoſe to avoid, are not comparable to the fatal Conſequences of your monſtrous Syſtem; not to mention the Care of Children, Subordination, *&c.* nor a thouſand other Ties of Society, which would, by that means, be made void ——

Suffer me, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, to interrupt you: I never heard you talk ſo profoundly and eloquently before;

fore; but I fear that the Vehemence with which you argue, fatigues you. Beſides, you really ſpend yourſelf to no Purpoſe. Do you think me ſo bereft of good Senſe, not to perceive the Extravagance of the *Lacedæmonian* Laws?

No, reply'd *Cyrus*; but as this Subject fell in the Way of our Converſation, I was very glad to tell you what I thought of it, and to bring more than one Example to confirm what I advanced Yeſterday, that the Knowledge I had acquir'd in my Travels, was of no Service to me for governing the People, and rendering them happy.

Oh! but, ſaid *Araſpes*, you will pleaſe to except what you learnt at *Tyre*, in the Article of Commerce.

And what Uſe could I make of it, reply'd *Cyrus*, for *Perſia*? Beſides, you

you very well know that I have no Taſte for Trade, and that I never had a Mercantile Soul.

I don't know it, reply'd *Araſpes*; for when I ſaw the Eagerneſs with which you put Queſtions to *Hanibal* *, and how attentively you liſtened to him, I imagined that you had a mighty Mind to enrich yourſelf by that Method which you would take to, ſooner, or later, when you were tired of the Wars which have ſince employ'd you.

Could I, ſaid *Cyrus*, behave otherwiſe? You are very ſenſible that the only Way to profit by Converſation, is to talk with People upon what they know, or what concerns them, and ſometimes both together. I was with a King; but ſuch a King as was little more than a Merchant who had fail'd,

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 79, 80.

and

and was ſet up again: What could I do better, in Acknowledgment of the civil Entertainment he gave me, than to talk with him about his Commerce, and to ſeem delighted with the Leſſons which he read me on that Subject? And I could the leſs excuſe myſelf from that Piece of Complaiſance, becauſe the honeſt Prince ſeemed, to me, exceſſively fond of being reckon'd profoundly skill'd in the Affair.

Indeed, ſaid *Araſpes*, I never met with a Man ſo vain, or that could romance with ſo much Impudence, for his own Advantage. He aſcended the *Tyrian* Throne much about the Time that we were in *Arabia* with *Amenophis*: For the honeſt Hermit did not then know * what was become of his Friend, and was not inform'd of it 'till after our Departure, by an Expreſs † which the grateful

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 153.
† Ibid. Vol. II. p. 72.

Prince

Prince took care to ſend to him as ſoon as he came to the Throne. Now we had ſcarce ſpent a Year in our Travels to *Egypt* and *Greece*. Therefore *Ecnibal* had been King of *Tyre* but about that Space of Time, when we arrived from *Greece*, in *Phœnicia*; and, moreover, half of this Year ought to be placed to the Account of the Journey he made to *Arabia*, ‡ in Queſt of *Amenophis*, and afterwards to *Babylon*, to do Homage for his Crown to *Nebuchadnezzar*. Yet, to hear him talk, * one would have taken him for a Prince of conſummate Experience in Affairs, and that had reign'd twenty Years at leaſt. That prodigious Concourſe of Foreign Veſſels, the Fleets, Warehouſes, Manufactures, † all the Splendor of *Tyre*, its Wealth and Power were owing to his Credit and

‡ The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 73.
* Ibid. p. 79, 80, &c.
† Ibid. p. 83.

Manage-

Management; the Work, in ſhort of a Prince whoſe Name and Acceſſion to the Crown, were ſcarce yet known Abroad, and who had hitherto given but ſmall Hopes at Home of a happy Government. When Perſons aim at the Reputation of a Merit which they have not, there is, at leaſt, a Neceſſity of keeping up a Probability in the Qualifications which they pretend to.

As to good Qualities, ſaid *Cyrus*, he did not want them. He was a Man of Senſe, and very well vers'd in the Intereſts of his Kingdom. Nothing could be better conceiv'd, than what he told us of the Methods for re-eſtabliſhing and reviving Commerce.

How! Sir, cry'd *Araſpes*. You have never hear'd then, that all that fine Diſcourſe was only a Leſſon which *Ecnibal* had learnt by Heart, and which he rehearſed

rehearſed to all Foreigners that came to ſee him.

I perceive by this Paſſage, ſaid *Cyrus*, that Ill-nature for which you have been ſo often reproached.

Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, before the Day is over, you will do me more Juſtice. While we were at *Tyre*, a Book fell into my Hands, intitled, *The Adventures of* Telemachus, where I met * with that fine Diſcourſe almoſt Word for Word, which did *Ecnibal* ſo much Honour in your Eſteem; and I long 'till we are at *Babylon*, in order to convince you that my Cenſure is far from unjuſt.

After having a little better conſider'd of the Matter, ſaid *Cyrus*, I begin to believe you. Indeed I remember to

* The Adventures of *Telemachus*, Tom. 1. l. 3. and 8.

have

have read ſomething like it in *Telemachus*. When all is ſaid and done, it was ſcarce natural for a Prince who was brought up in Ignorance of his Parents, and who had ſpent the Life of a Vagabond, or a Soldier, ſhould be able, in leſs than a Year, to know ſo much, and talk ſo well, of all the Laws of Commerce, of the Intereſts of the different States, and wiſe enough to read political Lectures to me, who had been thirty Years forming, with ſo much Care, for the great Art of Governing, and to give Me, as to the Method of governing *Perſia* in particular, *New Notions and Maxims, which I had not met with in other Countries* *.

With the Help of a good Book, ſuch as *Telemachus*, ſaid *Araſpes*, one makes a great Progreſs in a little Time.

* Adventures of *Telem.* Tom. 1. p. 100.

After

After all, reply'd *Cyrus*, as much as I have been impos'd on, I do not repent my Complaiſance, which, if I did not owe to the Perſon that ſpoke to me, was at leaſt due to the Things that were told me.

Oh! As for Complaiſance, I never ſaw ſo much of it in you, as in that Journey, ſaid *Araſpes*: Witneſs what happen'd to us with *Amenophis*.

What happen'd to us when with him, ſaid the Prince?

How could you forget it, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*? I remember it well, and will now revive it to your Memory.

When we landed at *Tyre*, who ſhould we meet upon the *Mole*, * but that honeſt Man *Amenophis*, who,

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 65.

probably, weary of Solitude, was come thither to give a little Relaxation to his Mind. To ſee the Figure that he made, and to conſider his Occupation, I ſhould never have taken him for a great Philoſopher, and for a Perſon of the greateſt Power and Eſteem in *Tyre*. He was not to be diſtinguiſhed from the Croud, and he ſeem'd to give Attention to the ſame Affairs that draw Numbers of the Populace to the Keys of *Babylon*, where ſometimes we ſaw them earneſtly gazing at the Furrows which a Hay-boat cuts in the *Euphrates*. We preſently knew one another, and, after many Embraces, inſtead of accompanying us to our Lodging, or offering us one, *Amenophis* carry'd us abruptly a League from thence into the open Country,* where, as we ſate upon a Rock, he gave us the Hiſtory of his Travels from *Arabia*

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 66.

to

to *Phœnicia*, which he might as well have told us at his own Lodgings. We were fatigued with a long Voyage by Sea; it was very cold Weather, and we wanted Nouriſhment and Reſt; from thence judge what a Paſſion I was in with him; yet I cannot tell which of the two gave me moſt Uneaſineſs, his Indiſcretion, or your Complaiſance to requite it, and the Calmneſs with which, when we were in ſuch a ſad Plight, you gave Ear to his tedious Tale. I was tempted twenty times to interrupt him in the Middle of it, and to affront him, which I had certainly done, but for the Reſpect I ow'd to you. I held my Tongue to the laſt; but, Sir, you will grant, that it requir'd even more Complaiſance than you had for the King of *Tyre*, to bear ſuch Treatment.

I remember it now, ſaid *Cyrus*; 'Tis true that the good Man did forget himſelf very much upon this Occaſion.

This ungenteel Carriage did not favor of the Courtier; but with him the Courtier was eclipſed by the Hermit.

But muſt a Man be a Courtier, ſaid *Araſpes*? or, muſt he needs know the World, to avoid ſuch an Impropriety? Does not common Senſe dictate, that the firſt Thing we ſhould do to Strangers that come from a far Country, is to lodge them?

I believe, ſaid *Cyrus*, I can gueſs what made him act ſo. *Aimenophis* had a Fault common to thoſe of his Age; that is, he was a little talkative: No doubt he was afraid, that if he had carry'd us directly to the King's Palace, where he propoſed to lodge us, he ſhould be interrupted too often in his Story, and not be at Liberty to tell it after his own Way. This it was then, probably, induc'd him to carry us ſo far off to the very great Exerciſe of your Patience.

Never-

Nevertheleſs, all this I forgive him, ſaid *Araſpes*, for the handſome Entertainment he gave us in *Arabia*.

Philoſophers, ſaid *Cyrus*, know ſometimes how to make their Friends welcome.

Indeed, reply'd *Araſpes*, you are qualify'd to ſpeak of this from your own Knowledge. Your Journey to the *Magi*, muſt have inſtructed you on this Head: Yet I ſhall not be ſo curious as to ask you what you think of their Laws: For, if I may judge, from your own Turn of Mind, and your whole Air, you did not find them greater Doctors, in this Kind, than your other Maſters.

You have gueſs'd right, ſaid *Cyrus*, and, unleſs I ſhould propoſe to ſtock *Aſia* with ſpeculative Muſicians, * I

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 62.

could find nothing in the Laws of the *Magi*, proper to regulate the Manners of my Subjects.

Take great Care, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*. Your Empire is already too full of idle Fellows and Ballad-ſingers; And what, in the Name of Heaven! would you think of increaſing the Number of them? But pray tell me, Sir, what I ought to think of a Paſſage which your Hiſtorian puts to the Account of the *Magi*? Is it true, that thoſe Philoſophers begin the Education * of their Children, before they are born? For my Part, I don't remember to have ever heard of ſuch a Practice; and, if it had been mention'd in my Company, I am not a Man to forget ſo merry an Article.

I don't underſtand you ſaid *Cyrus*.

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 63.

I ask

I ask you, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, if it be true, that the *Magi*, while their Wives are with Child, take Care to keep them always in Tranquillity, and a perpetual Chearfulneſs, by ſweet and innocent Amuſements, to the End that, in the Mother's Womb, the Fruit might receive none but agreeable Impreſſions.

That's a very pretty Fancy, in my Opinion. *Aramys* was, no doubt, a Man of Gallantry. He had a Mind to make his Court to the Ladies, by procuring them ſuch Tokens of Regard and Reſpect from their Husbands, as they could not avoid paying them, after ſo unpolite a Claſs of People, as Philoſophers generally are, had ſet them an Example.

Oh! as to his being a Man of Gallantry, ſaid *Araſpes*, you certainly do him

Wrong, for never Mortal had leſs of it. If you had read his Book, you would have found him the moſt cruel Man in Life to the Ladies. It ſeems he aim'd to rid the World of the whole Sex, for it was as much as their Lives were worth, for any of the Heroines to appear in his Hiſtory. *Mandana* *, *Caſſandana* †, *Selima* ‡, die away at once, at a Time when ſuch ſudden Deaths were leaſt expected, and the Cauſe or Means thereof as little known. He makes *Pbra* ‖ ſacrifice herſelf to ſecure that Crown to her Husband, which he had uſurp'd. The cruel Hand of a barbarous Husband, cuts off the Days of the tender and chaſte *Miſſa* **. *Rhetea*, only *Rhetea*, by a Sort of Miracle, eſcapes the Author's Indignation, tho' not

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 92.
† Ibid. Vol. I. p. 116.
‡ Ibid. p. [illegible]
‖ Ibid. p. [illegible]
** Ibid. p. [illegible]

till ſhe had been a long Time in the Agonies of Death †. After this, Sir, can you ſuſpect your Hiſtorian of Gallantry?

No, reply'd *Cyrus*, I am now of another Opinion. I ſee into his Drift. He had a Mind to be merry, at the Expence of thoſe poor Philoſophers, who were my Subjects, as well as my firſt Maſters, which was Cauſe more than enough to ſubject them to the Laſh of the Author of the Travels; and that's the only Reaſon that induc'd him to lay all the Childiſh Things he reports of them to their Account.

You would be yet more fully convinc'd of it, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, if you did but know what a Comick Actor he makes of *Zoroaſter*, that venerable Philoſopher, the Head of

† The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 44.

the

the *Magi*, whoſe Sayings were all Maxims, and his Actions all Virtues. This *Zoroaſter*, I ſay, does little more in this Hiſtory than proſtrating himſelf, like a Lover *, at the Feet of a Statue of his dear *Selima*, bathing it inceſſantly with his Tears, and giving you a diſmal Account of his tender Amours with that Princeſs.

It muſt be confeſs'd, ſaid *Cyrus*, that this Author did not want Wit, and never Man had the Art of burleſquing a great Character to the Degree that he had.

As the Prince had ended theſe Words, the Officers came to acquaint him that the Hour fixed for their Return was already expired. There was not a Cloud to be ſeen at that Time in the Horizon, while the Moon's bright Luſtre made ſome Sort

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 66.

of

of Amends for the Abſence of the Sun; and by the Light of that Luminary, which ſeem'd as it were to reſtore Day to Mortals, *Cyrus* quickly return'd to *Babylon*, where State Affairs hinder'd him for a while from thinking of the Hiſtory of his Travels.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The Fourth Evening's *Converſation.*

CYRUS reſolv'd one Day to take the Air in the neighbouring Plains of *Babylon*; and having order'd his Retinue to go and wait for him at a Gate of the Garden of his Palace, which open'd to the Country, himſelf and *Araſpes* alone were on the

the Way thither, when a frightful Cloud, driven by a Wind from the South, cover'd the Horizon with thick Darkneſs. The Sun ſeem'd to have bid adieu to the World, and its Inhabitants had no Light to diſcern one another, but the dreadful Glimmer of a thouſand redoubled Flaſhes of Lightning. The Sky, all in a Flame, threatned the Earth with an immediate Conflagration. Terrible Thunder roar'd in the Air, and its Bolts, which were darted at ſeveral Parts of *Babylon*, made the trembling Citizens believe the World was at an End. Beſides, a prodigious Storm of Hail increaſed their Terrors, and extended its Ravages into the adjacent Country.

Cyrus had but juſt Time to ſhelter himſelf in a Pavilion, at one End of the Garden, which had been built ſince his Conqueſt, and was of exquiſite Architecture. The Cupola of

of it, which admitted the Light on all Sides, was ſupported by four great Pilaſters, and the Whole ſhone with Gold, Marble, and Azure. The Roof, which was of *Moſaic* Painting, diſplay'd the Virtues of *Cyrus* in various Symbols. The Buſts of the Kings of *Perſia* and *Media*, placed oppoſite to one another, adorn'd the Bottom, and the middle Part was full of Pictures, in which the moſt skilful Painters of the *Eaſt* had ſhew'd an Emulation, who ſhould moſt happily deſcribe the principal Events of the Life of *Cyrus*.

In one Piece, the little Prince, as yet a Child, train'd up among a Company of young Shepherds, appears with a noble and majeſtick Air, which diſtinguiſhes him from his Companions. He ſeems to be preſcribing Laws to them, and to be inſtructing the giddy untaught Youths to pay Reſpect to that Authority,

which

which the exalted Sentiments, and great Talents of Heroes, challenge over thoſe with whom Fortune ſometimes takes a Pleaſure to confound them.

In another, *Cyrus* is ſhewing the Exerciſes of *Mars*, to the valiant *Perſian*, as yet unacquainted with the Diſcipline of War. Batallions and Squadrons ſeem to be flying in an Inſtant from one End of the Field to the other, with the ſame Rapidity as the Bird of *Jupiter* cleaves the Air, or as an Arrow out of a Bow, that is bent by the nervous Arm of a *Parthian*. The Prince ſtands immoveable, giving his Orders, and by his Geſture animates and regulates their Evolutions. His mettleſome Courſer, enraged to be conſtrain'd, champs the Bit, ſnorts and fumes at the Noſtrils, throws Clods of Foam all about him, tears up the Ground with

with his Heels, and raiſes a Cloud of Duſt round his Maſter like a Whirlwind.

At a farther Diſtance, *Cyrus* appears in the Plains of *Paſagardis*, ſpreading Terror and Deſtruction among the Batallions of the *Medes*. His Arms dy'd with Blood, his ſurly Brow, his ſparkling Eyes, his fiery Countenance, his formidable Sword, lifted up ready to ſtrike the mortal Blow, chill the very Blood in the Veins of the moſt daring Hearts. In ſhort, the God *Mars* himſelf, when he glutted his Rage with Blood and Slaughter in the Fields of *Thrace*, did not appear ſo fierce and terrible. The affrighted *Mede* flies every where before him, as the Shepherds and their Flocks, in the Plains of *Africa*, run at the Sight of the roaring Lyon, that comes down from the Hills for its Prey.

On one Side of this Picture, the ſame *Cyrus*, now become another Creature, flies to meet *Aſtyages*, whom they are bringing to him a Priſoner. Such is the tender Affection and compaſſionate Goodneſs of the victorious Prince, that with one Hand he places on his Grandfather's Head the Crown which the *Medes* had loſt by the Fortune of War, while with the other he breaks the Chains, with which the unrelenting Soldier had preſum'd to bind the vanquiſh'd Monarch.

The other End of the Pavilion ſhews mad *Belſhazzar*, at a Table with his Courtiers abandon'd, without any Fear or Thought, to all the Exceſſes of Debauchery. Intemperate Joy, an effeminate Senſuality, an unbridled Licentiouſneſs, a brutiſh Impiety, are manifeſt in the Countenances of the Gueſts, when a fatal Hand

Hand comes to put an End to their Riot, and to write the Sentence of their Deſtruction upon the Wall.

In the next Piece beyond that, *Euphrates*, in Obedience to the Will of *Cyrus*, quits its old Channel, and runs into the new one dug by the indefatigable *Perſians*. The vigilant *Cyrus*, at the Head of a choſen Body of his Troops, makes an Advantage of this Incident, and of the ſtupid Indolence of the *Aſſyrians*, while *Babylon* is aſtoniſh'd to find the *Euphrates* gone, and its Place ſupply'd by a Flood of Enemies, which enter within its Walls, and bring this ſtately City for ever under their Subjection.

Oppoſite to this, *Cyrus* ſits upon a Throne, dictating Decrees. A whole Nation of Captives ſtand round him, but he only gives the Word, and their Fetters inſtantly ſeem to drop off of themſelves. The firſt

Moments of their Liberty are devoted to the Expreſſions of Gratitude to their Deliverer, the Tranſports of which the Painter has happily expreſſed in their Attitude, Air, and the various Motions which they ſeem to make.

In another Place, *Cyrus* is repreſented as offering a Sacrifice to the immortal God, and the *Perſian*, the *Mede*, and the *Aſſyrian*, over-againſt him, vowing eternal Friendſhip at the ſame Altar. Peace, that Daughter of Heaven, deſcends to the Altar from the *Empyræum* in a Silver Cloud, and, with a Lace of Gold and Silk, joins the Hands of the new Allies together, and, by double Knots, forms Ties for uniting thoſe Nations for ever under one and the ſame Empire. *Religion*, with her Hands full of Incenſe; *Themis*, weighing the Claims of Men, and the Prerogatives of the Gods, in her Balance; *Plenty*, having her

her Head crown'd with Flowers and Fruits; and tranquil *Security*, with its Eyes ſhut, encompaſs the Altars; and round them appear Figures of wanton Smiles and Frolicks, the Graces and Pleaſures, with a numerous Company of Nymphs and young Shepherds, dancing in a Circle to the Sound of Hautboys.

Theſe Paintings were, for moſt Part, but juſt finiſh'd, and *Cyrus* had not yet ſeen them in their Perfection. But his Attention was immediately engroſſed by ſomething more worthy of his Contemplation, than the Pleaſure of examining Pictures.

At one End of the Pavilion was a Balcony, with a Proſpect over all the Country. Thither went *Cyrus* and his Favourite; and from thence they with Pity beheld the Damage done by the late Tempeſt. A thouſand Torrents, from the neighbouring

Hills, had drown'd the Plain, and in the Fall waſhed away rich Crops of Corn, Trees, Cattle, Shepherds, and Cottages. All the flat Country was but one vaſt Sea, reſembling the Ocean, after being troubled by the furious North-Wind, when the diſmal Effects of its Rage are ſeen in Shipwrecks; when, beſides the Maſts, the Cordage, the Benches of the Rowers, and the Heaps of Riches brought in vain from the remoteſt Parts of the World, we ſee the livid Bodies of the covetous Merchant and the bold Mariner, floating on the Water, ſad Victims of ſenſeleſs Avarice. *Cyrus* ſhew'd, by a thoughtful Silence, how much he was afflicted at this diſaſtrous Scene; and then looking with a ſorrowful Eye upon his Favourite, he cry'd, *Araſpes*, What Numbers of People has Heaven this Day rendered miſerable!

Very

Very true, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, but 'tis a Comfort both to them and you, that you are in a Condition, as it were, to diſpute the Matter with Heaven itſelf, and to make more People happy, than it has this Day made unhappy.

You know what I would have done in this Caſe, reply'd *Cyrus*, therefore take care to conform to my Inclinations. Set my Treaſures open To-morrow Morning to the poor Husbandman, and let him be made Amends for the Loſs which he has this Day ſuſtain'd. The Miniſter aſſured his Maſter of a punctual Obedience; and, in order to take off his Attention from ſo many Objects, which muſt naturally give Uneaſineſs to a Man of ſuch Bowels as *Cyrus*, he talk'd to him concerning the Pictures which adorn'd the Pavilion, and engaged him inſenſibly to draw near and view them.

The Prince attentively ſurvey'd them a long Time; and becauſe he continu'd ſilent, *Araſpes*, to divert him a little, ſaid to him, Sir, Theſe Paintings ſurely were not done from any Deſign drawn by *Aramys*.

No, anſwer'd the Prince with a Smile, if they had, I ſhould not have been altogether ſo much flattered.

Rather, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, ſay that your great Actions would not have been ſo faithfully repreſented.

It ſhall be which Way you pleaſe, ſaid *Cyrus*; But know that I am now in a Condition to talk with you concerning that Book from my own Knowledge. I have it actually about me. I have ſtole Time from my other Affairs to read it, and I ſee perfectly how far *Aramys* has been able to make me ridiculous. But then it

muſt

muſt be own'd that he makes himſelf equally ſo: If my Behaviour is ſometimes ſenſeleſs, his Book, in truth, is hardly juſtifiable; and I can't conceive why ſome of our *Perſians* have not thought fit to expoſe the Faults of it.

Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, the Reaſon of it is very natural. At that Time the *Perſians* were thinking how to revenge you by other Means than thoſe of Criticiſm; and then you well know that you alone had all the Knowledge in the Nation; for the *Perſians* were not yet arrived to thoſe Diſcoveries which poliſh the Manners and the Underſtanding. And to your Honour be it ſpoke, all you meant by the Pains you took to ſtock your Mind with that Heap of unprofitable Learning, was to ſupply the Ignorance of your Subjects, even in ſuch Articles as were moſt neceſſary. And as it had been indecent for ſuch a Prince

a Prince as you to anſwer ſuch a Libel as the Hiſtory of your Travels, all *Perſia* muſt neceſſarily be ſilent, with reſpect to this Book. 'Tis true, that the Wits of *Aſſyria*, where the Piece was written, labour'd to make us Amends. Every-Body knows what a Power Emulation has over Gentlemen of the ſame Craft; and a Succeſs, far inferior to that which *Aramys*'s Book had at firſt among the Publick, would neceſſarily have rais'd their Envy. So you would have been ſufficiently reveng'd, if they had been permitted to have taken it to Task; but the Hiſtory of your Travels had the good Luck to pleaſe at Court. The Magiſtrates undertook to protect it; Silence was impoſed upon the Cenſurers; and, as a further Favour, which never Author had obtain'd before *Aramys*, publick Authority prohibited the finding Fault with a Book which ſo many People were concern'd to blame.

You

You give me a great Notion, ſaid *Cyrus*, of *Aramys*'s Policy, and I think he ſhew'd greater Abilities in the Management he made uſe of at firſt to ſecure himſelf from Criticiſm, than in his manner of writing the Hiſtory of my *Travels*.

Aramys, reply'd *Araſpes*, was, as I have been told, enterprizing, ſupple, inſinuating, wheedling, and a Perſon of gay Converſation. 'Tis true that, leſt Company ſhould ſuffer by it, they were obliged to preſcribe Bounds to his merry Way of talking, which ſometimes degenerated into inſipid Banter.

With Talents ſo ſpecify'd, ſaid *Cyrus*, I don't wonder that he had the Cunning to get ſo many great Men to be Advocates for his Perſon and Book.

The

The great Men, reply'd *Araſpes*, were not his only Friends; you know how much the *Aſſyrians* pique themſelves upon Politeneſs to Strangers. Heretofore it only extended to their Perſons; but the modern *Aſſyrians* intended, no doubt, to be even more complaiſant than their Fore-fathers, and to ſhew their good Manners even to the Writings of a foreign Pen: Which, in their Dialect, is called the doing of Things with a good Grace.

As they were upon this Subject, *Cyrus*, being weary, ſate down hard by a Table of Agat, upon which were ſeveral Pictures in Miniature, that the *Greek* Colonies of *Aſia Minor* had lately ſent as a Preſent to *Cyrus*. They were all of a noble Deſign, and the Subjects borrow'd from the *Greek* Fables, ſuch as *Andromeda* chain'd to a Rock; proud *Niobe*, indiſcreet *Battus*, and inexorable *Anaxerete*, meta-

metamorphos'd into Stones: But the Pictures which moſt of all engroſſed the Attention of *Cyrus*, was that of *Ariadne*, left alone in a Deſert Iſland. She was ſtanding upon the Summit of a cragged Rock; her Hairs, which ſhone like the Stars, diſhevell'd; her Hands lifted up to Heaven; her Face bathed with Tears; her lovely Eyes looking wiſhfully after a Veſſel juſt ready to diſappear, and cutting the Waves with Fury, to get out of her Sight; her Mouth half open, ſeeming to reproach the perfidious *Theſeus* for his baſe Treachery, Ingratitude, and barbarous Cruelty, with all the Tokens of the Deſpair of that diſconſolate Princeſs.

Cyrus, after having ſpent a long Time in admiring the Delicacy of the Miniatures, and extolling the curious Taſte, and fine Art of the *Greeks*, ſaid to *Araſpes*, Have you taken Notice of one particular Circumſtance which I obſerve

obſerve in theſe Figures? A Stone, or a Rock, is every where, almoſt, the principal Proſpect of them. Thoſe Fellows had an unaccountable Attachment to Stones: They ſeem to have been form'd in the ſame School as *Aramys*; who, when his great Men have any important Matter to relate, generally places them in the Cave, or on the Summit of ſome barren Rock.

Probably, ſaid *Araſpes*, with a Smile, thoſe Painters were naturally hard-hearted, and delighted in drawing ſuch Proſpects always, as were Repreſentations of their own Inſenſibility. As to *Aramys*, continued he, you have a particular Reaſon to pardon him for his Rocks, becauſe he was a Native of *Caledonia*, a barren mountainous Region; for which Cauſe he took Care to quit it betimes, and to come and inhabit Countries more inviting and agreeable. But tho' he left

left his native Soil, how could he avoid the retaining, at leaſt, in many Articles, its Taſte and Genius? In *Caledonia*, 'tis like, Rocks are the moſt uſual Places of polite Converſation; and it was natural for an Author that had been train'd up in his Youth among Gentlemen of Wit and Breeding, who were us'd to ſuch Places of Rendezvous, to chuſe the ſame Theatre for the Narrations he intended to put into his Book.

What! cry'd *Cyrus*, was *Aramys* a *Caledonian*? How came he then to ſpeak the Language of the *Aſſyrians* with ſuch a Grace? Not, ſaid he, but I have found ſome Faults in his Book, that are contrary to the Purity of Diction. As he is giving a Deſcription of the Port of *Tyre*, he ſays, That * *an Iſland ſtretches itſelf in form of a Creſcent, to incloſe a Bay.*

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 63.

This

This is very near the ſame thing, as if I ſhould ſay, That *the new Moon extends its Horns to embrace its Creſcent*; for an Iſland which ſtretches itſelf in form of a Creſcent, does not *incloſe* a Bay, but *forms* it. The *Aſſyrian* Phraſe is to *break Silence*: But, I believe, no Language has it as *Aramys* words it; † They went out of the Temple *not to interrupt Silence*. I know not the Meaning of the *Object of the Heavens*, which he talks of ſomewhere, ‖ *in order to hide from the Eye, all the Objects abroad, except that of the Heavens.* *Aramys* meant to ſay, probably, *To let no other Objects be ſeen but the Heavens.* *Aramys* ſays, ſpeaking of me, ‡ *Cyrus uſually confeſſed his Faults* —— he reſolved *to correct himſelf* —— Immediately after theſe Terms, comes a *nevertheleſs*, which

† Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 8.
‖ Ibid. p. 4.
‡ Ibid. Vol. I. p. 20.

prepares

prepares the Reader to hear ſome other ſilly Thing of me, notwithſtanding all my good Intention; but far from it, the Reader is very much ſurprized to ſee that this *nevertheleſs* is only prefix'd to make me *give a notable Proof of my Genius and Courage.*

In Truth, Sir, cry'd *Araſpes*, there is no holding out any longer; you there diſplay a Talent which I did not know you was poſſeſs'd of. You are a *Grammarian*, and, what is worſe, a *Puriſt*. Alas! for the Time to come, I ſhall be obliged either to ſhun you, or no longer to *interrupt Silence before you.* I ſhall be very fearful of ſeeing ſome inadvertent Expreſſion of mine ridicul'd. I thought all along, that a Man talk'd well if he did but make himſelf underſtood.

Leave off bantering me, ſaid *Cyrus*: I have been made to learn ſo many

unneceſſary Things, of which I am never like to make any uſe, that I muſt have Leave, for once, at leaſt, to argue the Caſe. After having ſo often talk'd of Theology and natural Philoſophy before you with Indulgence, would it not be unhandſome for you to hinder me now, which is the firſt, and will, perhaps, be the laſt Time of my Life, from making a Diſplay of what I have learnt in the Point of Grammar. You know, too, how far I am from being difficult as to the Style of Converſation. I bear with every thing a Man ſays, if it be not finical and pedantic; but I have not altogether that Complaiſance for what a Man writes.

What pity 'tis, reply'd *Araſpes*, that *Aramys* is not in the World to have the Benefit of ſuch a Diſpoſition? It was, they ſay, a miſerable Thing to hear him talk. He was ſlow of Speech, and uncorrect in his Expreſ-

ſion.

ſion. He affected, as they ſay, a Sort of Jargon that was very ridiculous, to ſhew, perhaps, how many Difficulties ſuch a Stranger as he had to ſurmount, and what a Superiority of Genius he had need of to write ſo elegantly as he did in the *Syriac*.

Was he never ſo affected, ſaid *Cyrus*, I will own that *Aramys* was a Man of Senſe, and that he writes with that Eaſe and Correctneſs which is not common to Foreigners.

This ought to be no Surprize to you, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*; he had an able Maſter: He was a long Time the Pupil of the famous *Olennef* *, that great *Aſſyrian* Prieſt.

* *Olennef* is the *Anagram* of *Fenelon*, as *Aramys* is the *Anagram* of *Ramſay*.

What! cry'd *Cyrus*, the elegant Author of *The Adventures of* Telemachus, that favourite Book both of the Gods and of Men, and which I have read over ſo often, that I can already almoſt ſay it by Heart!

That very Perſon, Sir, anſwer'd *Araſpes.*

Alas! I am not ſurpriz'd, ſaid *Cyrus*, to find him ſuch a Novice, eſpecially in all that relates to War. He knows enough on't for the Diſciple of a Prieſt, and Overſights of this Nature are pardonable in People of that Tribe. I always took the Writer of my Hiſtory for a Military Man, and therefore I could not imagine why he gave ſo imperfect and ſo improper an Account of a great Number of Warlike Events, the Particulars of which, well told, would have conſiderably

ſiderably embelliſhed and diverſified his Hiſtory.

Really, ſaid *Araſpes*, this has been the leaſt of his Care. It would have been ſomething very merry to ſee an Author giving us a pompous Deſcription of your Battles and Victories over the *Medes*, and your other Enemies, in a Piece which he only wrote to run you down. *Aramys* had more Senſe than to run himſelf upon this Rock; and 'tis plain that the Silence he obſerves, and the Ignorance he diſcovers in this Matter, is all Affectation. This carried him directly to his Aim, and, by making you always take wrong Meaſures, and act irregularly, he endeavour'd to ruin your Reputation.

Nothing, ſaid *Cyrus*, can come up to all this: But the *Medes*, the *Aſſyrians* themſelves, in whoſe Favour *Aramys* wrote, are, if we may judge

of them by his Book, as well skill'd as I in the Art of War, and I ſhould be ſtrongly tempted to believe that the Author did not affect much Fineſſe in the ſilly Actions of which he makes both Sides equally guilty. With an Army of Thirty-thouſand Men I march into a vaſt Plain *, to meet *Aſtyages*, whoſe Troops are twice more numerous than mine, and I don't form my Army till I am in ſight, and within reach of the Enemy. This is not all, inſtead of taking up the moſt Ground that I could in this Plain, I draw up my Troops twelve deep. By good Luck, I have to do with the moſt civil and the moſt obliging Enemy in the World, who, aſhamed to be out-done in this Article, rather than be indebted to me on the Score of Civility, leaves me quietly at Liberty to draw up in Batallia before his Face. Far from

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 119.

taking

taking any Advantage of his Situation, and the Number of his Troops, to extend his own Army, and to incloſe mine, he genteely renounces all his Advantages, and, for fear of having a wider Front than mine, he draws up his Army thirty deep. That, *Cyrus* added with a bantering Smile, was playing upon the Square, without any Odds. As extravagant as this Proceeding appears, yet this was the Diſpoſition order'd by me, who muſt always paſs for a Simpleton in *Aramys*'s Hiſtory. But as for *Aſtyages* and the *Medes*, *Aramys* never propoſed to dreſs them in Fools Coats. No; believe me, *Araſpes*, in vain would you look for a Myſtery in all this, for you would find no other Cauſe of it, but an Ignorance of all that relates to War, which is common to Men of Learning. 'Tis true, that *Aramys*'s Maſter had the true Art of explaining Military Events, and of conducting them according to the

Rules; but 'tis reaſonable that in this, as well as in every Thing elſe, the Scholar ſhould always come far ſhort of the Maſter. It would be very well for *Aramys*, if he was not guilty of Inconſiſtencies, even more unpardonable than thoſe.

Cyrus was going on, when he was interrupted by the Arrival of a Courier from the Frontiers of the Empire towards *Scythia*, to bring him the News of ſome Commotions in that Country, ſo that he was obliged to return with all Speed to the Palace, to diſpatch the neceſſary Orders, leaving the further Conſideration of *Aramys*'s Book to another Opportunity.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The Fifth Evening's *Converſation.*

CYRUS could not go abroad next Day; for as ſoon as it was Night, he was to hold a ſecond Council upon the Irruption of the *Scythians*, and the Means to ſtop their Progreſs, ſo that he had but juſt Leiſure to go for a Moment towards the Evening to

to take a Breathing in the famous Gardens of *Semiramis*, which are juſtly reckon'd among the Wonders of the World.

This Garden conſiſted of twenty Terraſſes, one above another. There was an immenſe Walk from one End to the other, which was cut by a thouſand more, whoſe ſeeming Irregularity was the Maſterpiece of Art, and the Effect of a certain Symmetry, which was the more exquiſite, becauſe at firſt View it was not ſo perceptible. The Spaces between thoſe Walks were filled up with Myrtle and Laurel-Trees, Bowers, Summer-Houſes, and Grotto's.

At the Places where the Walks croſſed each other, were Fountains and Baſins, in which a fine Taſte, Magnificence, and Skill, were equally diſplay'd. The *Greeks* and their Fables had been known in the *Eaſt* for above

above a Century, ſo that their ingenious Fictions gave the Eyes much more pleaſing Entertainment, than the barren Metaphyſicks of the *Chaldæans*.

Nitocris that illuſtrious Queen, Mother to the laſt King of *Babylon*, thorowly underſtood the *Greek* Mythology; and being reſolv'd to out-do *Semiramis* in the Monuments which ſhe deſigned for Poſterity, ſhe ſent for the ableſt Workmen from *Ionia* and *Attica*, who ſoon embelliſh'd the Gardens of *Babylon*, with all the moſt diverting and agreeable Paſſages in the Hiſtory of the Gods of *Greece*.

Every Fountain was adorn'd either with a Deity, or ſome Fancy borrow'd from their Fables. Here, *Neptune* in a Shell-Marine gilt, drawn by his Sea-Horſes, was skimming lightly along the Surface of the Water; a Company of

of Tritons ſwimming by his Chariot, while he holds the Reins in one Hand, and with the other brandiſhes a ſplendid Trident, with which he ſeems to ſilence the boiſterous North-Winds, and to calm the raging Waves. There, the Goddeſs *Melicerta*, with young *Palemon* her Son in her Arms, raiſes herſelf above the Waters, and ſeems, by the Serenity of her Countenance, to promiſe the affrighted Mariner an End of the dreadful Storm.

Here, the Goddeſs of Love, guarded by a thouſand winged *Cupids*, arm'd with their Quivers of Arrows, and mounted upon Swans, ſtarts out of the Water, with more Brightneſs than *Aurora* when ſhe brings Home the Day.

There, the chaſte *Arethuſa*, who flies the criminal Raptures of the amorous *Alpheus*, having already waſted her Spirits, is juſt going to fall into his

his Hands, and he is actually ſtretching forth his Arms to ſeize her, when *Diana* flies to the Aid of the Nymph, who is invoking her by Hands and Eyes lifted up to Heaven. Behold *Arethuſa*, on a ſudden, wrapt in a Cloud. A Fountain that runs under her Feet, declares her Metamorphoſis, and enables the Nymph for ever to fruſtrate the fooliſh Hopes of the raſh *Alpheus*.

Here, the proud *Narciſſus*, deſperately in Love with his own Perſon, reclined upon the Graſs, with his Head careleſly reſting on his Elbow, contemplates, with Tranſport, in the Cryſtal of a clear Fountain, the fatal Charms which he idolizes.

There *Arion*, *Phœbus*'s belov'd Mortal, cleaves the Waves upon the Back of a Dolphin, while a Shoal of Sea-Monſters, with their Heads above

above Water, follow the harmonious Notes of the Divine Lyre.

From the Middle of thoſe Figures, a thouſand Columns of Water riſe to the Firmament, and in their Fall form a Sort of Miſt, which ſcatters the hotteſt Rays of the Sun, in the Height of its Race.

Round theſe Fountains, and almoſt at every Step in the Walk, lay Groups of Marble and Statues, the precious Remains that eſcaped the Fury of the Wars which ravag'd *Niniveh* and *Babylon*.

Among the various Figures, were *Belus*, the God and Father of the *Aſſyrian* Monarchs; *Ninus*, the Founder of their vaſt Empire; the Warlike *Semiramis*, like another *Pallas*, with a Helmet on her Head, and leaning on a Spear; *Ninias*, arm'd with the Dagger which he had plung'd into

into the Boſom of an inceſtuous Mother; the infamous *Sardanapalus*, with the Spindle and Diſtaff in his Hand; the ſavage *Nebuchadnezzar*, trampling the Sacred Veſſels of the God of *Iſrael* under Foot; the illuſtrious and virtuous *Nitocris*, having in her Hand a Compaſs, to denote the good Order which ſhe eſtabliſh'd in the Empire of *Aſſyria*.

The Prince and his Favourite were but juſt met together in private, when *Araſpes* ſaid to the King, Sir, I have great News to tell you, which I have reſerv'd on Purpoſe for this Place, and for what Reaſon you will ſee very plainly: *Aramys* is come back again to the World.

How! ſaid *Cyrus* with a Smile; Has *Jupiter* harneſſed his *Winged Chariot* to bring back *Aramys* from the *Elyſian* Fields!

I don't

I don't underſtand what you mean, reply'd *Araſpes*.

'Tis an Expreſſion, ſaid *Cyrus*, which I took particular Notice of in the Hiſtory of my Travels, and which now recurs to my Mind. *Aramys* was of Opinion that *Jupiter*'s Chariot could not fly faſt enough in the Air with Wings, and therefore he was for adding a good Set of Horſes.

Alas! ſaid *Araſpes*, to be plain with you, this is meer wrangling. Might not a Chariot be manag'd like a Boat, with Sails and Oars?

'Tis really Pity, reply'd *Cyrus* with a Smile, that thoſe Engineers, who lately preſented a Scheme to my Council, to travel thro' the World in the Air, had not known your Taſte a little better. For then they would not have thought the Wind alone ſufficient

ſufficient to ſet their Machines a going; but tho' it had been only for Faſhion Sake, they would have added Oars or Harneſs: And in that Caſe, no doubt, they would have had the Pleaſure of ſucceeding in a Project which you caus'd to be rejected as Chimerical.

Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, let's talk no more, if you pleaſe, about *Aramys*, or his Book; I fear the Pleaſure you take in this Kind of Converſation will prove to my Expence. His Hiſtory inſenſibly recals to your Memory all the paſt Stories of my Life, and you might take a Fancy to quote ſuch an one as I ſhould be very loth to remember.

Fear nothing, reply'd *Cyrus*, I will have a little more Indulgence for you, than you have hitherto had for me. But tell me how it comes about that you, who was ſuch a rigid Cen-

ſurer of *Aramys*, are now become his Advocate? This is as great a Miracle to me, as the pretended Reſurrection you juſt now told me of.

As for the Reſurrection, ſaid *Araſpes*, that is not the Caſe. *Aramys* is ſtill alive and well, only he was afraid of your juſt Reſentments, and, to avoid the dire Effects of it, he abſconded, and gave out a Report that he was dead. I had a Mind ſome Days ago, to declare how you ſtood affected to him. I was willing to proclaim to your whole Empire how merciful you are, and how forgetful of Injuries. *Aramys* was told of this, and it encouraged him to come this Morning, and fall at my Feet, with a Petition that I would ſollicit you for his Pardon. I found him ſo honeſt a Man, ſo frank, ſo much afflicted for having incurr'd your Diſpleaſure, that it raiſed my Pity. I promis'd to plead

undertake his Cauſe, and to eſpouſe his Intereſt.

Then, ſaid *Cyrus* with a Smile, all that violent Paſſion *I* lately ſaw you in againſt *Aramys* is come to this!

Sir, reply'd *Araſpes* in the ſame Strain, you are very much miſtaken if you think that none but great Princes are capable of generouſly forgiving an Enemy. There wants nothing but Humanity to forget an Injury, and the Commonalty have as great a Share as others, of the Sentiments which ſuch a Principle inſpires. As for the reſt, *Aramys* intends to leave no Stone unturn'd to repair his Miſtake; he is reſolv'd, for the Time to come, to devote his Pen to celebrate your Triumphs, and your Virtues; and I fancy I ſhall have a ſmall Share in the Panegyrick which he will beſtow upon you.

Alas! ſaid *Cyrus*, let him extol you as much as he will, but I deſire no ſuch Panegyriſt; I ſhould be very apprehenſive that, in his Hands, my Merit would be a Matter of Doubt, and the Contradictions which he is liable to fall into in all Caſes, would make it a Queſtion with Poſterity, Whether the Good he ſhould ſay of me, after having ſo far run me down, was not rather one of thoſe Blunders ſo common to the Author, than a Piece of Juſtice which he thought himſelf obliged to do me in Point of Conſcience.

Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, you that are ſo apt to reproach others with Contradictions, are you not a little inconſiſtent in your own Conduct? 'Tis but t'other Day that you was the forwardeſt Man in the World to defend *Aramys* againſt me, with as

as much Heat as you now run him down.

All this, ſaid *Cyrus*, is perfectly conſiſtent. The other Day I excuſed his Perſon, and To-day I blame his Book; in all which there is nothing that is contradictory.

I am enraged, ſaid *Araſpes*, when I ſee what miſerable Diſtinctions ſome People make uſe of, to bring themſelves off of an Argument.

No, Sir, confeſs it, you Heroes are like the reſt of Mankind. When you pardon an Injury from an Affectation of Generoſity, you are charm'd when you find an Opportunity to make yourſelves Amends.

How do I love to ſee thy Zeal flame, ſaid *Cyrus*! But, don't be ſo very furious: When you return to *Babylon*, fail not to let *Aramys*

know that I forgive all the injurious Things that he has ever ſaid or pretended to ſay of me; that I am even willing to employ him in my Service; but that I forbid him to write ſo much as one Line in my Praiſe, for fear of Contradictions: And in order to ſhew you, that in this I do not aim ſo much at the Satisfaction of my Reſentment, as at the Care of my Reputation, do but read with me.

At theſe Words he took the Hiſtory of his Travels out of his Pocket, after having taken Care to mark the moſt material Errors.

Amenophis, continu'd the Prince, appear'd, when we met him in *Arabia*, *to be buried in ſome profound Thought* *. We were already near him, without his perceiving us. We were obliged to ſpeak to him, to take him off of his Brown-Study, and im-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 121.

mediately

mediately this Perſon, ſo very thoughtful but the Moment before, appears with a Countenance of *unaffected and ſerene Joy* *.

Alas! ſaid *Araſpes*, there is a Mixture of Ill-Nature in this Obſervation, and you ſeek to put an ill Conſtruction upon every Thing. Could *Amenophis*, when alone, and abandon'd to Contemplation, be the ſame *Amenophis* that he was when he turn'd his Thoughts to regale you, and to entertain you with the beſt that his Solitude could afford? Do not we ſee every Day, that the crabbed gloomy Countenance of the ſullen Recluſe, or Hermit, loſes its Wrinkles, and clears up at Table, eſpecially at the Circulation of the *delicious Juice of the Grape* †; and you know that *Amenophis* wanted for nothing in this Kind to make his Retirement agreeable. It ſeems too,

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 122.
† Ibid. p. 122.

that the good Man was ſenſible of what he ſhould have Occaſion for in this Article, and that he had the wiſe Precaution to arm himſelf with the moſt proper Remedy in the World to repel the diſmal Attacks of Melancholly. Otherwiſe, how could we have been entertain'd with *delicious Wines*, by a Man that had nothing he could call his own, but *a Strip of a Garden, and a Grotto, which he had dug with his own Hands in a barren Rock*?

Your Obſervation is not amiſs, ſaid *Cyrus*, but ſay what you will, here's the Point of Difficulty, from which you will never be able to get off *. *Amenophis* gives us a melancholly Account of his Misfortunes, and concludes with ſaying, † *I am a Being left alone upon the Earth*: Apries

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 122.
† Ibid. p. 153.

perſecutes

perſecutes me; Amaſis *betrays me*; Arobal *forſakes me: I find every where a frightful Void.* Is this now the Language of a Man whoſe Countenance ſhines with *an unaffected Joy*?

Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, I can't tell how you underſtand it, but for my own Part, I don't know a Character that is more coherent and better ſupported, than that in which *Aramys* has cloathed *Amenophis*. He paints to the Life the different Situations of a poor old Man, whoſe Spirits were ſunk by Age and Misfortunes, but raiſed for ſome Moments by Wine and Good Cheer. I ſay it again, I never in the World met with a Character ſo naturally carried on from firſt to laſt.

'Tis even too natural, ſaid *Cyrus* with a Smile; but the next is an Article, in which ſurely you will not find

find Nature. *Aramys*, after having extoll'd the Subordination and Difference of Ranks eſtabliſh'd in *Egypt**, is profuſe in his Praiſe of the Equality obſerv'd among the Citizens of *Sparta*. How do you reconcile all this together?

Nothing more eaſy, reply'd *Araſpes*. Alas! Sir, ſince you began to receive Compliments upon all the Events of your Life, how many have you not heard which ſeem to contradict one another? An Author who, heretofore while you reign'd peaceably in *Perſia*, aſcribed the Return of *Aſtræa* and *Themis* among Mortals to your Adminiſtration, forgets thoſe pleaſant Images, in the Praiſes he gives you now, and thinks you cannot be ſo finely deſcrib'd, as in the Midſt of Blood and Slaughter, and that Terror

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 171, 214, &c.

which

which your Name carries to the remoteſt Parts of the *Eaſt*. This is the ordinary Stile of all profeſs'd Panegyriſts. They have an uncommon Talent to find out Matter for Praiſe, even in ſuch Follies as a Man of Honour bluſhes he had the Misfortune ever to commit. Do but ſuffer your ſelf for once to be routed, and you'll be perfectly ſurprized to find that, even tho' you turn'd your Back, you will be proved to be a greater Captain, than you appeared to be in thoſe fortunate Days, when nothing was able to reſiſt your Arms.

Cyrus abruptly reply'd, I will have no fulſome Panegyriſt, who is determined before-hand to praiſe all that come. There is Matter enough to commend Perſons upon the Score of their good Qualities, without undertaking to metamorphoſe their Faults, even ſuch as are moſt notorious, into Virtues; and all that a Hero gets by ſuch

ſuch Flatterers, is, that the Memory of certain Actions of his, which a well-conducted Panegyrick would have conceal'd from the World's Notice, is thereby tranſmitted to Poſterity with the more *Eclat*.

Really, ſaid *Araſpes*, I find that you Heroes are very difficult, and it ſeems a harder Task to pleaſe you in Point of Panegyrick, than of Conqueſt.

You are in the Right, reply'd *Cyrus*, this is very natural; We only do the one to deſerve the other, and the World would be at Peace, if we were not ſo ambitious to merit its Applauſe. After this, we may well be pardon'd for a few Scruples with Reſpect to the Courſe we take to gratify our prevailing Paſſion.

Very

Very well, ſaid *Araſpes*, There is a Remedy for all this. I will acquaint *Aramys* of your Taſte.

No; reply'd *Cyrus*, it will be to no Purpoſe. He would quickly forget all you ſhould ſay. I perceive that in ſome Articles he has the moſt unhappy Memory in the World. He firſt of all gives a pompous Deſcription of the magnificent Palace of *Piſiſtratus* *, and of the ſplendid Regale which that Prince gave me when I arriv'd at *Athens*; and thirty Pages after this, he brings in *Solon* boaſting to me, that his Friend *Piſiſtratus* leads a ſimple Life, without affecting Pomp †.

Oh! ſaid *Araſpes*, how comes it to paſs that *Solon* is ſo blind to his

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 252, 253.

† Ibid. p. 284.

Friend's

Friend's Faults, or has no better a Notion of Frugality?

Say rather, reply'd *Cyrus*, why *Aramys* does not allow the Sage to have more Penetration, after he had ſo juſtly extolled his Underſtanding and Wiſdom. But notwithſtanding all the fine Qualities for which *Aramys* makes *Piſiſtratus* one of his Heroes, he does not ſeem to be a Jot the more attentive to this Prince's Conduct and Actions. According to him, *Piſiſtratus*, the very Day that I arrived at *Athens* *, entertains me at Supper with the Hiſtory of the Troubles of his Reign; and three Days after, *Aramys* makes him tell it over again †.

Does this, ſaid *Araſpes*, ſurprize you? Things are never told as they

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 254.
† Ibid. p. 289.

ſhould

ſhould be, during the Fumes of an Entertainment, and there's a Neceſſity of hearing them over again when People are cool and ſedate.

Oh! ſaid *Cyrus*, the wiſe *Piſiſtratus*, in the Heat of Entertainments, was always cool, and could harangue his Audience with a World of Art and Eloquence, upon the Diſorders of popular Government, the better to eſtabliſh that deſpotick Power which he had uſurp'd over *Athens*. But the Caſe is not altogether the ſame with *Aramys*, who could never keep his Temper to that Degree. When the rendering Things a little dubious is the Point in Queſtion, then his Imagination is ſet on Fire, and woe be to him that ſtands in his Way: For Inſtance, it coſt thoſe poor *Athenians* very dear in that Sea-Fight, where, for my Diverſion*, the Author makes

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 288.

them

them ſacrifice as many Men and Ships, as they might have loſt in a ſerious Engagement with an Enemy.

Don't you plainly perceive, Sir, that *Aramys* was willing to ſet off that extraordinary Politeneſs, which was the peculiar Character of the *Athenians*, in its full Light? The Generality of other People would have been content with breaking a few Oars, or cutting away the Prows of two or three Ships, to do you Honour. But *Athens* could not ſtop there; nor could it render its Gallantry complete, without giving you the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Sea covered with Men, and the Wrecks of Veſſels.

Indeed, ſaid *Cyrus*, 'tis a very joyful Sight to ſee a Multitude of poor Wretches periſhing in the Waves. Believe me, *Araſpes*, you may as well ceaſe your Apologies. *Aramys* will

will be no great Loſer by it: And agree with me, that a juſt Diſcernment is not a Character that belongs to *Aramys*. When he takes it into his Head to paint, which is a Thing he ſeldom does, and hardly ever with a Grace, all he aims at then, is to charge his Pictures with bold Figures, without perplexing himſelf with Accuracy or Probability. From hence it comes to paſs, that his Book, notwithſtanding all the Art you pretend to diſcover in it, is but a Medley of Pieces, which were never form'd to be connected, and that the only Article wherein he has ſucceeded, is the rendering me perfectly ridiculous.

Truly, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, you are not candid. In the Courſe of a long and curious Work, the Author has let ſlip one or two Inconſiſtencies.

How, reply'd *Cyrus* ſmartly, one or two Inconſiſtencies? 'Tis very plain you are no Judge. Otherwiſe---

Alas! Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, do not reproach me with Ignorance. 'Tis not the Endowment of every Man to be as wiſe as you are. I am not, nor do I know whether I ſhould be, fond of being a Divine, a Philoſopher, an Orator, and ſo many other fine Things at one Time: But I pretend to common Senſe.

Well then, I only deſire your common Senſe to be the Judge. Will that common Senſe of your's approve of *Aramys*, where he makes *Piſiſtratus* tell me, in the Courſe of one Meal *, *the Revolutions which happened in his Reign; the Cauſes of his Exile and Reſtoration; how he*

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 254.

was

was twice dethron'd —— All this ſeaſon'd with hiſtorical Remarks, agreeable Deſcriptions, lively Turns, mixed with an artful Painting of the Diſorders of a Popular Government? Does it comport with common Senſe that I ſhould read with *Pythagoras* at one Time only, a Leſſon, accompanied too with all the Reflections that the Subject requir'd; that I ſhould be made to read, I ſay *, *all that regarded Religion, Morality, and Policy, and whatever might contribute to the Knowledge of the Gods, myſelf, and other Men? — and all that is excellent in the Laws of* Egypt, Sparta, *and* Athens? This was a fine ſhort Lecture, with a Witneſs.

No; upon this you are at Liberty to condemn him, and I own that *Aramys* has gone a little too far out of the Way.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 51.

What would you ſay then, reply'd *Cyrus*, of all that pompous Deſcription of the Golden Age *, which, without Rhime or Reaſon, he puts into the Mouth of *Pythagoras*, and this merely for the Pleaſure of venting a Number of Poetical Expreſſions, which *Aramys* had repeated by Heart, when he was a School-Boy, a hundred Times? Tho' if he had but brought in that ſublime Nonſenſe naturally ———

Pray, Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, don't attack that Paſſage. 'Twere enough to ſet your whole Court againſt you. If you did but know how the Ladies eſpecially are enamour'd with that gaudy Painting!

What, ſaid *Cyrus*, do they think that a beautiful Paſſage?

† The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 11.

More

More than beautiful, ſaid *Araſpes*; they think it raviſhing. To ſee Shepherdeſſes courted by the Gods, and the Goddeſſes not diſdaining the Loves of Shepherds, raiſes Tranſports of Admiration.

I deſire you to tell me no more of it, ſaid *Cyrus*, and I think theſe two Phraſes alone, are enough to decide the Merit of Two-hundred others that accompany them, in which I can ſee nothing but empty Jargon, a String of Metaphors, and Allegories repeated over-and-over a hundred Times, which, in the Manner they are tack'd together, do not preſent one ſingle Image to the Mind, but what is deform'd and counterfeit.

In the firſt Place, I there ſee *Jupiter harneſſing his Winged Chariot* *,

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 12.

with no other Attendants than the Divinities that accompany him but now and then; and twenty Lines after I ſee, with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, the whole World transform'd, and Mankind condemn'd to the moſt afflicting Calamities: Why? Becauſe Men neglected, upon a certain Day, to take Wing, and, by rapid Flight, to cut the Air, and follow *Jupiter*'s *Winged Chariot* above the Heavens. This ſurely was a very odd Sort of Crime, and one would ſcarce have expected to ſee Men found guilty upon this Plea.

This is not all, the Gods themſelves bear a Part in the Diſgrace of Men. The *Sylvan* Gods *, for no Reaſon in the World that we are vouchſafed to have a Glimpſe of, *are all on a ſudden changed into Satyrs, the* Napææ *into* Bacchæ, *and the* Nayads

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 13.

into

into Syrens. I ſhall not here mention the *Heſperides**, whom Hiſtory and Fable place in the Time of *Hercules*, and whoſe Garden *Aramys* transfers to the Golden Age, becauſe the Trees which they cultivated bore Golden Fruit.

Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, interrupting the Prince, a thick Darkneſs covers the Firmament, and the Hour appointed for the Council ——

This, reply'd *Cyrus* with a Smile, is properly bringing your ſelf off like a Man of Senſe. This Darkneſs comes very *a propos* to conceal the Confuſion you are in; but I ſhall not excuſe you ſo, and I will, ſooner or later, oblige you to own, that your new Client has not merited the Honour of being my Panegyriſt.

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 12.

Juſt then came in a Meſſenger to acquaint *Cyrus* that the Council had already been ſitting ſome Time, and waited for his Preſence; whereupon he went thither, and after having concluded what related to the Affair of the *Scythians*, he told his Miniſters his Reſolution of ſetting out next Day to a Pleaſure-Houſe, not many Days Journey from *Babylon*, that he might be nearer at Hand to give Orders for the Security of the Frontiers.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

New Cyropædia.

The Sixth Evening's *Converſation.*

UPON the Banks of the *Araxes*, pretty far from the Place where that River falls into the *Caſpian* Sea, there riſes a Chain of Mountains, in Form of a Semi-Circle. In the Centre of theſe Hills, a little below the Top of one of the higheſt among them, was

was a ſtately Houſe, tho' not ſo ſumptuous as it was pleaſant; for Nature and Art had acted in concert to form a Seat here fit to delight the Lord of *Aſia*.

The two Fronts of this Houſe were adorn'd each with a fine Periſtile, the Architecture of which was modeſt, yet majeſtick.

The Furniture, Ornaments, Paintings, every Thing within it, was elegant and fine. A ſpacious Park, ſtock'd with all Sorts of Game, began about a hundred Paces from the Houſe, and extended to the Top of the Mountain, which was all included in it. A hundred different Roads were cut out in it, where the Sight was loſt, and which, by croſſing and intermingling one with another, form'd a Labyrinth, almoſt as inextricable as that of *Crete*. Before the other Front of the Houſe, the Mountain ran inſenſibly

ſenſibly upon a Level, without any more Declivity than what was neceſſary to enlarge the Proſpect of all the Beauties of a Garden, at the Foot of the Hill, which for Symmetry, Ornament, and Extent, was ſcarce inferior to that of *Semiramis*.

At each End of the Building there was a Terraſs of above a League in Length, where were ſeveral Rows of Palm-Trees, that afforded a Shelter againſt the burning Rays of the Sun.

On the one Side were barren Rocks, Precipices, Abyſſes, Snows, and Hoar-Froſts, not to be melted by the moſt ſcorching Heats of Summer; and on the other Side, upon the Declivity of the Hills, there were many charming Houſes, built in the Form of an Amphitheatre, with Flower-Gardens full of Orange, Citron, and a hundred other Trees, whoſe exquiſite Fruits excelled

celled thoſe of the Garden of the *Heſperides.*

At the Bottom of the Hill, the Waters of the *Araxes* roll along with Majeſty, whoſe Banks are always green, and adorn'd with all the Field Flowers which *Flora* produces in the Spring.

Beyond the River there are vaſt fruitful Fields, which ſatisfy the Longings of the covetous Husbandman. And in the Midſt of the Golden Ears of Corn, with which the Soil is cover'd, Art has rang'd, at proper Spaces, here the peaceful Olive, there the kindly Elm, ſupporting the feeble Branches of a tottering Vine. In ſhort, the whole Plain ſeems to be but one ſpacious Garden, enrich'd with the moſt delicious Preſents of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and *Pomona.*

Cyrus

Cyrus came to ſpend Part of the Autumn in this ſweet Solitude. One Day as he was walking with his Favourite upon this magnificent Terraſs, *Araſpes* having taken a View of the neighbouring Hills and Plains, cry'd out with Extaſy! Sir, What a raviſhing Proſpect is here! Were I to ſurvey it again-and-again I ſhould never be tired.

Therefore, ſaid *Cyrus*, you are not of the ſame Taſte with your Friend *Aramys*.

How ſo, reply'd *Araſpes*?

He thinks, ſaid *Cyrus*, that there's ſomething ſtill wanting in this Proſpect.

Alas! I am ſure, reply'd *Araſpes*, that he would be as much charm'd with

with it as I am, were he but here to enjoy it.

Then, ſaid *Cyrus*, he would think otherwiſe than he ſpeaks. To judge of his Sentiments by his Book, a great Sea, ſeeming to touch the Sky, would be wanting to divert the Sight, when fatigu'd by ſo many different Objects as appear in this Landskip.

Alas! ſaid *Araſpes*, Don't you plainly ſee that *Aramys* there talks again like a *Caledonian*? In a Country where the dry barren Soil hardly yields any Proſpect but Rocks and Sand-Hills, the vaſt Ocean would be neceſſary to divert the Eyes fatigu'd by the dull Uniformity of the other Objects; and it was natural for *Aramys*, whoſe Imagination was accuſtom'd to ſuch Relaxations, to fancy a vaſt Sea was ſomething eſſential in every fine Proſpect.

But

But let's drop his Notions about Proſpects, and talk a little about *Aramys* himſelf. I have told him what a Kindneſs you had for him, at which he ſeem'd tranſported, and engaged me, Sir, to beg it as a Favour, that you would give him Leave to write your Life.

My Life, cry'd *Cyrus*? God forbid! I have ſeen *Olennef*'s Life, and ſhould be very much afraid that he would write mine in the ſame Taſte. The Hiſtory of my Life would be like that of my Travels, a Chain of five or ſix ſeveral Diſſertations: Beſides, I love to make the only Figure in my Hiſtory, and I ſhould fear that my Hiſtorian, as he has done in the Life of *Olennef*, will take as good a Place in it as I.

But,

But, Sir, ſuch a Man as he would improve by your Advice, and reform.

Reform, ſaid *Cyrus*, in an Ironical Strain? Indeed you know full well what Sort of People Authors are, and what ungovernable Pride prevails among them.

Oh! as for *Aramys*, ſaid *Araſpes*, I'll anſwer for it, he is to be manag'd. I'll give you this Inſtance to convince you how tractable he is. As he was conſulting one of his Friends about his Book, and reading the Deſcription of the Sea-Fight which the *Athenians* perform'd for your Diverſion, when he came to the Phraſe, *the Warlike Trumpet gave the Signal* *, his Friend ſaid to him jeſtingly, that the Subject being a Sea-Fight, the

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 288.

Epithet

Epithet ought to be changed for *Marine*. *Aramys* that very Moment took his Pen, ſtruck out *Warlike*, and interlined *Marine*, which you would have had the Pleaſure to have found in the Hiſtory of my Travels, if his Friend, who was loth to carry the Joke too far, had not taken Care to undeceive him upon the Spot.

So much the worſe, ſaid *Cyrus*, I am for none of thoſe purblind flexible Creatures, who are to be bent all manner of Ways, and cannot diſcern the Value of the Lectures that are read to them.

Neither I nor You are at Leiſure to ſet up as Cenſurers of Books, for the Sake of *Aramys*; and as we ſhall be obliged to leave every Author that writes for us to his own Honour, 'tis neceſſary that he ſhould know a little how to carry himſelf. Beſides, tho' *Aramys* has Wit, yet to faſten pro-

perly upon a Character, to paint it to the Life, and to make Men known by Facts rather than Phraſes, does not ſeem to me to be his Talent. Therefore be ruled by me, never think more of making him my Hiſtoriographer.

You will however, Sir, pleaſe to permit him to dedicate to you a Sort of Epick Poem, which he is juſt ready to publiſh?

By no Means, ſaid *Cyrus*; I have made it a Rule to myſelf not to ſuffer my Name to appear at the Head of any Book which is not excellent in its Kind. And if we may judge of *Aramys* by my Travels, his Poem cannot be exquiſite: He has no *Copia*, no Variety, but repeats the ſame Things a hundred times over. When he goes about to deſcribe Political Government, he never thinks of any thing to compare it to but a Human

man Body; his Incidents are always the ſame, and ſuch as a Child of ten Years old might have invented; or, to ſpeak more properly, he has none at all.

How! reply'd *Araſpes*, Do you know that *Aramys* is reputed a Man of very great Learning?

It ſeems indeed, ſaid *Cyrus*, that he has read a great deal, and has a good Memory. But with all his profound Knowledge, and great Wit into the Bargain, 'tis poſſible that he may want what the Men of Letters call Genius, which is the Soul of all fine Writings. Beſides, do you know one Thing, which is, that they ſay all the Learning of *Aramys* did not coſt him any Thing. He is free and familiar to exceſs with all good Authors. He makes no Difficulty to accommodate himſelf with every Thing that he ſees in them to his Liking. For

my own Part, I have diſcover'd in the Hiſtory of my Travels, a great many Paſſages copy'd from * *Olennef* and † *Teſobus* ‡.

Oh! as to *Olennef*, ſaid *Araſpes*, he had an indiſputable Right. From the Scholar to the Maſter nothing is due, they ſay, but the upper Hand; every Thing relating to their Profeſſion ought to be in common betwixt them, and it would be a poor Piece of Spite to diſpute *Aramys*'s Privilege of taking whatever he wanted from *Olennef*. But to pillage *Teſobus*, I can't think it poſſible, for he was his Maſter's Enemy.

Yes, ſaid *Cyrus*, and 'tis plain that he took *Teſobus* to be an Enemy, for he treats him as ſuch in good

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 80.

† *Teſobus* is the *Anagram* of *Boſſuet* Biſhop of *Meaux*.

‡ Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 157, &c.

Earneſt,

Earneſt, and 'tis in this Quality that he plunders him without Mercy: He thought that every Thing he ſhould take from him would be deem'd lawful Prize, and, in a Proverbial Senſe, *ſo much Booty taken from the Enemy*. And God knows with what an Air he repreſents him to you all the while, and with what Aſſurance he decks himſelf with the Spoils he has taken from him.

But, ſaid *Araſpes*, would he offer to take any Thing from a Man that he ſeem'd to deſpiſe, and to whom he cannot give a good Word?

Tho' you are no Stranger to Court-Craft, reply'd *Cyrus*, yet you are ſtill to learn the Policy of Men of Letters.

With them, as well as with us Courtiers, we find Writers, who, to conceal the ſecret Correſpondence they

have with an Author, whether dead or living, from whom they ſteal a thouſand Hints, wiſely make it a Rule to themſelves to run him down in all Places.

This is not ſo ill-judg'd, ſaid *Araſpes*; Men are, as I plainly ſee, the ſame every where in their Political Capacities, and only differ in their ſeveral Views. But after all, is it ſo great a Crime for an Author, who has little that he can call his own, to recruit from other Mens Stocks? For my own Part, I think that ſuch Conduct, far from hurting the Reputation of a Man of Letters, is a Proof of his Judgment. Thus the Induſtry of certain People of your Empire is applauded, becauſe, by inriching themſelves with foreign Commerce, they have plenty of every thing in an unprofitable barren Soil, which affords its Inhabitants nothing.

'Tis

'Tis not the ſame Caſe with a Wit, ſaid *Cyrus*, as it is with Lands. The principal Merit of an Author is Invention.

Alas! ſaid *Araſpes*, by your Favour, Sir, I know of no Invention better than that of a Man's taking from another what he wants himſelf. But, Sir, give me Leave to tell you, I don't perceive any Token of that good Diſpoſition, which you told me you had for *Aramys*. You promiſed him ſome Employment, and now you ſeem to exclude him from every Thing.

No, ſaid *Cyrus*, depend upon it that I will employ him, but I would have it in a Way that fits him, which it will take me up ſome Time to think of.

How long Time, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*? Is it a Matter that abſolutely requires ſo much Deliberation? You would not propoſe to give him a Commiſſion in your Troops? *Aramys* is too old to learn the Art of War.

Pray of what Age is he, reply'd *Cyrus*?

I cannot exactly tell you, ſaid *Araſpes*, but if we may judge of his Years by his Mien, and by the Time that he has been known to the Republick of Literature, he cannot be far off of Fifty.

Well, ſaid *Cyrus* with a Smile, would you have us make a Magiſtrate of him? His Book is a perfect Code of Laws, and Rules for the Adminiſtration of Juſtice. The Author, in my Opinion, has a Goût for that Profeſſion.

Indeed,

Indeed, reply'd *Araſpes*, *Aramys* has an Air of Gravity, which would ſuit wonderfully well with the Senator's Robe; but I believe he is better skill'd in the Laws of *Greece* and *Egypt*, than in thoſe of *Perſia* and *Aſſyria*; I fancy the Profeſſion of a Wit, in which he has already made a ſucceſsful Progreſs, is the only Character wherein it would be agreeable to him to be advanc'd.

'Tis really in that very Character, ſaid *Cyrus*, that I deſign to put him forward. You know, that, being determin'd by the Example of *Solon* *, and by the Solidity of his Arguments, I think to eſtabliſh the Uſe of the Dramatick Poem in the *Eaſt*, and to have ſuch Amuſements exhibited in thoſe Repreſentations, as may be both agreeable and uſeful to a People en-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 302.

tirely

tirely indolent and fond of Pleaſure. I thought immediately that *Aramys* would be a very fit Perſon to ſecond my Deſigns: I intended to make him write for the Theatre, the general Laws of which he underſtands to a Miracle; but I have conſider'd that in all Caſes Theory and Practice are widely different. I judg'd of *Aramys*'s Genius by the Hiſtory of my Travels, and had Reaſon to fear that the ſame Pen would be capable of producing no Pieces for the Theatre, but ſuch wherein the Sentiments would be generally trifling, the Parts unconnected, the Characters unequal, inconſiſtent, or improbable, and wherein the Perſons would come on and go off of the Stage, and the Audience be not able to gueſs why they did one or the other, almoſt like my Governor *Hyſtaſpes* in the Hiſtory of my Travels, who diſappears no Body knows why, leaving me to ſhift for myſelf, at the Age of Fifteen, and then comes back again

again to me all on a ſudden, tho' not till I was near Forty.

But, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, how can you form a Judgment of his Genius for the Theatre, from his Hiſtory of your Travels?

That Hiſtory, reply'd *Cyrus*, is a Romance, and a Romance is only an Extenſion of an Epick Poem, as the Dramatick Poem is an Abridgment of it. The fundamental Rules of theſe three Sorts of Compoſitions, are therefore the ſame. They only differ in the Particulars, and a Man who, in one of thoſe Pieces, acts counter, like *Aramys*, to all the firſt Principles, is ſcarce likely to ſucceed in another.

If that be the Caſe, Sir, let him have one of the firſt Stations in that Society of Philoſophers, which you are going to eſtabliſh in *Babylon*.

God

God forbid, ſaid *Cyrus*, I will have no vain Babblers in a Society of that Nature. I deſign to fill it with Perſons who underſtand Nature, and know how to make her ſubſervient to the Welfare of my Subjects.

That's the very Thing, ſaid *Araſpes*, for which no Man is ſo fit as *Aramys*. No-body will deny but he has the Advantage of being an able Naturaliſt, he has ſaid ſo many and ſo fine Things upon the Head of Natural Philoſophy in his Book.

And above all, reply'd *Cyrus*, he delivers them ſo very pertinently.

Pertinently? ſaid *Araſpes*, Yes indeed. *Zoroaſter*, for Inſtance, when he is to talk to you concerning the Author of Nature, was it not right that he ſhould begin with giving you

you a Deſcription and Character of Nature itſelf?

You are in the right, ſaid *Cyrus*; ſo a Man who is to treat of the Wind, in order to proceed with Regularity, ought not to fail, in the firſt Place, to give a full Account of every Particular in the Compoſition of a Windmill.

But, ſaid *Araſpes*, where's the great Harm? Tho' the Compaſs which *Aramys* takes to bring in his Diſſertations upon Nature, be not altogether ſo juſtifiable, yet that does not make him the leſs skill'd in Natural Philoſophy, which is the very Point now in Queſtion.

No, ſaid *Cyrus*, if we may judge of *Aramys* by his Book, he has nothing in him of a Natural Philoſopher; it coſt him no more to eſtabliſh his Syſtems of Natural Philoſophy, than

than it did to explain that of the Laws and Government of *Egypt*. He has only been at the Pains of copying what we find in a hundred different Treatiſes, that have already appear'd on this Subject, what is taught every Day in the Schools to Boys that are learning the firſt Elements of Natural Philoſophy; I will only except two Paradoxes, which, in my Judgment, can be No-body's but his; at leaſt, with all the Reading and Scholarſhip that *Aramys* allows me to have, I ſhould be to learn them ſtill, if I had not read them in the Hiſtory of my Travels.

A Natural Philoſopher could not be ignorant of what daily Experience tells all Mankind. Is there any Room to doubt that an infinite Number of groſs Particles evaporate every Moment from Bodies that are even the moſt ſolid? yet *Aramys* boldly

boldly determines, that * *the Sun cannot draw upwards* Bodies ſo light and ſo diſunited, ſo detach'd from one another, ſo mingled with an Element whoſe Evaporation is prodigious, as are the Particles of Salt ſcatter'd in the Waters of the Sea.

Aramys is of Opinion, that were it not for the Ebbing and Flowing of the Ocean, *it would only become a Maſs of ſtagnated Waters* † : So that, according to *Aramys*, violent Storms, Currents without Number, that general Motion which, by the Confeſſion of all Natural Philoſophers, carries with it all the Seas, from the *Eaſt* to the *Weſt*, would not be ſufficient to prevent the Waters of the Ocean from ſtagnating.

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 202.
† Ibid. p. 203.

Alas!

Alas! now, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, you put me out of all Hopes, and I can't ſee after this, what Buſineſs you can put *Aramys* to. Indeed there ſtill remain Ethicks and Politicks, which he might be employ'd in; but from the Humour you are in now, I fear that you'll think him as unfit to treat of thoſe Matters, as of all the reſt.

Neither, ſaid *Cyrus*, do I think that *Aramys* can ſucceed in Politicks. In the Hiſtory of my Travels, he exhibits ſeveral Syſtems of Government, ſome of which are founded on very odd Principles, tho' he thinks them all equally good. He approves of the *Egyptian* Law *, which allotted one third of the Lands of all the Kingdom to the Military Men. Which Law, by putting the Soldier before-hand in Poſſeſſion of what ought only to be

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 174.

the

the Reward of his Toils, deprives his Valour of one of the moſt proper Springs to put it in Motion.

But, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, conſider that this Syſtem is only one Link of the general Syſtem of the *Egyptian* Government, which divided Men * into three different Claſſes: And it was but natural for the Diſtribution of Lands to be regulated according to thoſe three Diviſions.

There again, ſaid *Cyrus*, has your Friend *Aramys* miſtaken. Ought he not, by the Way, to have ſhewn the Defect of a Syſtem as unjuſt as it is pernicious? All Men are born equal, but their different Employments and Stations in the Government, conſtitute a ſufficient Inequality betwixt them, without obliging the greater Number of them to a Sort of natural Incapa-

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 172.

city of attaining to Conditions for which Providence often gives them the moſt ſignal Talents. Don't we know that Heroes, Conquerors, the Founders of vaſt Monarchies, and the greateſt Men in all Capacities, were moſt of them born in a Condition different from that to which they were advanc'd by their Merit? And what Advantages would not a Republick deprive itſelf of, that ſhould reduce them to the Condition of their Fathers, by retaining Men in Obſcurity, that were born to be its Glory and Support?

I plainly ſee, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, what you have in View. You are for reſtraining *Aramys* to Ethicks. Very well; that's what he will like; for he's an honeſt Man: his Maxims are ſound, and his Principles are ſure and ſolid Foundations for good Manners. Depend upon't that he will act ſo in this

this Capacity, as to make you wiſh you had not baulk'd his Genius.

Fear not, ſaid *Cyrus*; be aſſur'd that in the Execution of the Project which I have juſt now thought of for him, his Genius will not be cramp'd. No; Moral Philoſophy is ſomething too ſtinted for ſo large a Soul as his. He may put it down in his Books, and I have that Opinion of him, that I believe it will be always good; only tell him, that, for the greater Security, when he is drawing certain Pictures of Manners, he ſhould always take Care to mix the Antidote with the Poiſon, and to make his Readers ſenſible of the Malignity of all Cuſtoms that are a little contagious, which his Subject may engage him to deſcribe. For Example; Inſtead of inſiſting upon the Impertinencies * which *Chilo* talks to me to

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 216, 217.

excuſe the *Lacedæmonian* Nudities at the publick Games, if ever Occaſion offer'd to ſpeak again of ſuch a Cuſtom, he ſhould by all Means take Care to put into my Mouth, or elſe to declare for me, all the Arguments proper to expoſe the monſtrous Indecency of ſuch a Proceeding; how likely Objects of this Kind are to raiſe all the Fire of the Paſſions in both Sexes; eſpecially how violent thoſe Impreſſions muſt be upon young People in their Heat of Blood, and ſuch as are rarely ſeen but at Aſſemblies of this Kind.

Aramys, ſaid *Araſpes*, thought perhaps there was no Neceſſity of inveighing againſt a Practice ſo contrary to our Manners, and ſo manifeſtly ſhocking to our Modeſty.

'Tis our Misfortune, ſaid *Cyrus*, that what is offenſive to Modeſty, does not always croſs our Inclinations, and

and 'tis abſolutely neceſſary either to throw an obſcure Veil over every Thing that is immodeſt, or elſe when a Man finds himſelf obliged to let it be ſeen, to arm Reaſon with every Check that may help to curb the Paſſions that are too prone to be unruly.

Then, Sir, ſaid *Araſpes*, you can't chuſe but be pleaſed with the Account which *Aramys* gives of the Community of Women eſtabliſh'd at *Lacedæmon* *.

Not at all, ſaid *Cyrus*, for he only ſays that † *he could not reliſh the* Spartan *Roughneſs, which ſacrificed the ſweeteſt Charms of Society to Ambition.* All that can be inferr'd from thence, is, that the Pleaſure of a fine Intrigue with a Miſtreſs, ought not

* The Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 218.
† Ibid. p. 219.

to be ſacrificed to ſavage Ambition. Is that a ſolid Confutation of the wild Complaiſance of the *Spartans*? I ſay it again, that I believe *Aramys* is zealous for good Manners, but I muſt repeat what I have already ſaid, That in Moral Philoſophy, as well as the reſt, he ſhould be cautious of deſcribing every Thing that comes in his Way, without maturely conſidering the Nature of the Objects which he ſets before his Readers.

Si, reply'd *Araſpes*, you will find him as tractable as you pleaſe. Of this I have already given you manifeſt Proofs, and you will have yet more convincing ones, when you are pleas'd to fix on a Subject to employ him in.

Well, ſaid *Cyrus*, I will now ſatisfy your Longing. *Aſia* has been for a long Time over-run with a Torrent of bad Books, upon all Manner

ner of Subjects; an Evil for which a Remedy ought to be provided in every well-govern'd State, and which I have been long thinking how to regulate. At laſt I am come to this Concluſion. Two Things equally contribute to this Miſchief; the Multitude of thoſe who ſet up for Authors, and the ill-choſen Subjects which they undertake to treat of.

The firſt of theſe Abuſes I propoſe to reform, by eſtabliſhing a Tribunal for examining the Abilities of ſuch as devote themſelves to Writing, and no Perſon ſhall be ſuffer'd to peſter the Publick with his Compoſitions, but ſuch to whom the ſaid Tribunal ſhall give an Approbation in due Form, with the Name and Character of the Candidate. Beſides this, there ſhall be a ſecond Tribunal, to examine the peculiar and particular Genius of every Candidate, in order to determine what Faculty fits him beſt,

and to ſettle him in the Degree to which his Abilities in that Faculty are capable of attaining. *Aramys* ſhall be at the Head of this ſecond Tribunal, and his Buſineſs ſhall be to compoſe a Book every Year for the Novices in Wit, according to the Model of his Hiſtory of my Travels. He ſhall intitle it *Univerſal Eſſays*, and, as he has done in my Hiſtory, he ſhall therein treat of all Subjects in which Wit is employ'd, as *Philoſophy*, *Theology*, *Hiſtory*, *Chronology*, *Mythology*, *Politicks*, *Ethicks*, *Juriſprudence*, the *Dramas Belles Lettres*, &c. And that he may not be cramp'd in his Productions, he ſhall be empower'd by publick Authority to collect from antient and modern Authors, whatever ſhall ſuit him, or directly or indirectly anſwer his Purpoſe; and this without being obliged to loſe Time in quoting Pages and Chapters. In a Word, he ſhall follow the ſame Method which he and the Publick have been ſo much improv'd

improv'd by in the Hiſtory he has given of my Travels. He ſhall add no more than one copious Index to it, wherein he ſhall ſet down Alphabetically the Heads of all the different Subjects which he treats of in his Work; and this ſhall be a common Fountain which the young Candidates ſhall be oblig'd to have Recourſe to for ſuch Subjects as they have a Mind to try their Skill in; the Choice of which, tho' made by themſelves, ſhall no farther be valid, than as 'tis approved by *Aramys* and his Aſſeſſors: And, according as the Candidate ſhall ſucceed in Experiments of this Kind, he ſhall be ranked among the Authors of the firſt, ſecond, third, or fourth Claſs; for I propoſe to eſtabliſh ſo many different Degrees among thoſe Gentlemen, in order to keep up a Sort of Subordination, which is neceſſary every where, but more ſo among a People ſo untractable, ſo preſuming, and ſuch Enemies to all Supe-

Superiority founded on Merit, as is the Nation of the Learned. By that Means *Aramys* will have an honourable Rank, an Employment ſuitable to his Genius, Emoluments which I leave to your Friendſhip for him to ſettle, and Panegyricks without Number. For every Candidate that ſhall work upon the Ground-Plot that is drawn by *Aramys*, ſhall be enjoin'd in his Preface, to extol his Benefactor, and to confeſs the Advantage he had of finding the entire Work he gives to the Publick, abridg'd in a Corner of the *Univerſal Eſſays*. Is there any Thing more, ſaid *Cyrus* to *Araſpes*, that you would have me do for him?

Sir, reply'd *Araſpes*, nothing more remains for me, but to return you Thanks for your Goodneſs to him, and to declare to the World what Sort of Vengeance you keep in Store for thoſe who have merited your Indignation.

That

That Night *Cyrus* was to entertain the chief * *Satrapes* of his Empire at Supper, and when they were in the Height of their Mirth, he intended to ſignify his Reſolution to them of engaging them in new Enterprizes, and of undertaking the Conqueſt of thoſe vaſt Countries poſſeſſed by the *Maſſagetæ*, to the Eaſt of the *Caſpian* Sea. A Meſſenger coming in to acquaint him that the Tables were ſerv'd, and that all waited only his Preſence, he repair'd to the banqueting Room, and not many Days after began that famous War againſt the Martial *Tomyris*, Queen of the *Maſſagetæ*, which, putting an End both to the Conqueſts and the Life of *Cyrus*, defeated all the Projects that he had form'd to reward the Works of *Aramys*.

* The old Name for the Governors of the *Perſian* Provinces.

F I N I S.

THE SECOND

CRITICISM

Upon Mr. *RAMSAY's*

CYROPÆDIA:

IN

Four CONVERSATIONS,

BETWEEN

The Marchioneſs *de* ****

AND

Two GENTLEMEN of Diſtinction

IN

FRANCE.

Tranſlated from the ORIGINAL
Printed at *Nancy.*

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M.DCC.XXIX.

N. B. *WHERE the Criticiſm happens to be upon the* Diction, *or* Phraſe *of the Original, the Words themſelves are put at the Bottom of the Page; and the Reader is alſo deſir'd to take Notice that the* Dictionaire Neologique, *which he will often find quoted, is a little* Vocabulary *lately publiſh'd in* France, *to ridicule new-coin'd affected Words.*

CONVERSATIONS UPON THE TRAVELS OF CYRUS.

The First Conversation.

THE Marchioneſs *de* * * * who has been theſe four Months at one of her Seats in the Country, will not return to *Paris* 'till next Spring. As ſhe is a Lady of a delicate and florid Genius, and has a Taſte for good Books, and for thoſe who write them, ſo ſhe is fond of the Friendſhip of ſeveral Men of Letters, ſome of whom have

have made themſelves eminent by Compoſitions that have obtain'd Applauſe. And ſhe has one uncommon Quality, for which ſhe is ſtill more to be valued, and that is her ſtrict Impartiality. She never dives into the Literary Diſputes of the Ingenious, but for her Improvement, or elſe for pure Amuſement. She judges ſolidly of every new Piece that comes out, and with equal Wit and Reaſon criticizes all ſuch Works as merit the Honour of ſo much Notice from her.

She happen'd, ſome Days ago, to be all alone, reading the *Travels of Cyrus*, which had been ſent to her from the Counteſs *de* * * * who had receiv'd 'em from the Author's own Hand, and in Reſpect to him did not look into them herſelf, but lent them out to be read by all her Acquaintance. I dare ſay, that the Marchioneſs had read the two Volumes throughout, and alſo the *Diſſertation* and the *Letter*, when the Chevalier *de* * * * her Kinſman, came to ſee her, and brought her the *Travels of Cyrus*, thinking ſhe had not yet ſeen them. He was ſuch an Admirer of this Work, and

had read it with ſo much Attention and Pleaſure, that he had moſt of the Expreſſions in it by Heart, and often made Uſe of them, without knowing it, inſomuch that one would have taken him for the ſpruce Mr. *Ramſay, ſitting* * *himſelf off to the beſt Advantage, and giving his own Hiſtory.* The Chevalier is a ſuperficial, ignorant Perſon, who, though he has little Judgment, and leſs Taſte, yet, by the Help of a finical Air, an affected Tone of Speech, and an extravagant Jargon, ſets up for a Man of Letters and a Wit: But the leaſt Glimmer of Wit dazzles his Eyes; a Beauty out of its Place is never the leſs a Beauty to him; the *comparing Principle* † is hardly of any Uſe to him: A Fable which is ingenious for the Subject of it, but flatly told, is ſure of his Approbation: He loves to have a publick Diſcourſe ſtuff'd with merry Epigrams and idle Jokes, and is not aſham'd to admire thoſe frothy, bombaſt Writers, thoſe metaphorical Wits, whoſe Correction

* *Qui ſe peignoit & ſe racontoit lui même.* Preface to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Life, by Mr. *Ramſay*. Printed at *Bruſſels* in 1725.

† *Le Principe Comparateur.* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 36.

has been attempted by a uſeful Criticiſm. But that Style eſpecially, which is ſententious and broken, like to that which is us'd upon Screens, is ſure to catch him: 'Tis in this Style he writes, and in this Style he thinks every Man muſt write, if he would pleaſe what he calls Geometrical Underſtandings.

The Marchioneſs receiv'd the Chevalier with her uſual Complaiſance, and they ſoon fell to talking upon the Book ſo much in Vogue, which was almoſt the whole Subject of the firſt Night's Converſation by the Fire Side. If it had been Summer Time, no doubt, the Conference had been in a Wood, and, if poſſible, by Moon-light, in which Caſe I would here have painted the Rays of the Moon, paſſing through the Branches of the Trees, and making an agreeable Mixture of a very *lively White, with a Green inclining to Black.* The Marchioneſs agreed that the Style of the Book was very elegant, and that the Author in the Detail had ſet off his Sentiments in a very good Dreſs. The Chevalier, charm'd to find her of his Opinion, ſaid to her, Madam, don't you admire

mire that a Foreigner, who was grown up before he came amongſt us, has hit ſo cleverly upon the Genius and Graces of our Language? There is no where, methinks, more Accuracy and Delicacy of Diction, and I take the whole to be perfectly expreſſive, and thoroughly digeſted. But, reply'd the Marchioneſs, if there had been a little leſs in the Book of what you commend, perhaps, it would have been ſo much the better. For, ſhe added, is it a Perfection of Style to fatigue the Underſtanding of the Reader, and always to ſuppreſs thoſe Words which are ſo conducive to the Collecting, and even the Forming of Ideas? In Truth, it is not uſing the Reader kindly.

Alas! Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, this is what gives Pleaſure to the Underſtanding. How would you like to read a Book with a Style ſo clear and fluent, that the Lady of the Preſident *de* * * * would comprehend it at the firſt Glimpſe? As for thoſe Particles which you are ſo ſorry to find omitted, pray do but conſider how ſmooth they make Style, and how languid. Is it not better that the Connexion of the Thoughts

be imperceptible to all, but ſuch as have penetrating Eyes? A delicate Genius is fond of every thing that ſtands detach'd by itſelf, and that has no Contiguity with any thing, becauſe it takes a Pleaſure in diſcovering what it has a relation to, without being directed; and ſuch a one ſeems to himſelf as if he was actually compoſing what he reads.

I underſtand you, ſaid the Marchioneſs, you are for introducing *Decoupures, i. e.* Breaks, into the Writings of the Ingenious. The new *Cyrus* is very much in this *Goût*, with reſpect both to the Language and Things. For my Part, I affirm, that a broken, disjointed Style is a defective Style, and that an Author ought always to connect his Thoughts himſelf, and to ſave his Readers the Trouble. Give me Leave, Madam, ſaid the Chevalier, to think otherwiſe. I can't bear that trivial Perſpicuity which lets me into the whole at firſt Sight, and which deprives me of a pleaſing Pain. A Style like Mr. *Ramſay's* is, in my Opinion, the Flower of that * *Laconiſm which*

* *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 215.

has

has been admir'd in all Nations. By imitating the Rapidity of Thought it paints all in a Trice.

The Flower of your Laconiſm makes my Head giddy, reply'd the Marchioneſs, and your Rapidity ſtuns me. Is that really the Style of *Telemachus*, to which, 'tis ſaid, ſome Sots have had the Aſſurance to compare *Cyrus*? Oh! ſaid the Chevalier, I own there is no Compariſon betwixt them; for *Telemachus* being a Romance, or a Poem, and *Cyrus* being a Book of Politicks and Ethicks, of Philoſophy and fine Theology, the Style muſt conſequently be different. But, you know, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that Politicks and Ethicks are the greateſt and the fineſt Part of *Telemachus*. Yet there is no *Flower* of *Laconiſm* in it, no *Rapidity* of *Thought*, but natural Images, keen Strokes, ſublime Maxims, bright Turns of Expreſſion, Morals both in Deſcription and Action, and the whole happily preſerv'd from thoſe metaphyſical Reſearches, that ſtiff Accuracy, and that affected Elegancy, which I hate in our modern Drolls.

But, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, you don't reckon the Author of *Cyrus* in this Number; though, they ſay, he is guilty of ſeveral Novel Terms, with which he has had the happy Aſſurance to embelliſh our Idiom. After all, he added, Style is the leaſt thing to be conſider'd in ſuch a Work as this. The Things for which it muſt be admir'd, are the Characters, the Reflections, the bold and inſtructive Strokes, the ſublime Leſſons! What ſay you, Madam, am I miſtaken? But you muſt grant, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that one dull, cold Note runs through the whole, and that every thing, from the Beginning to the End, is miſmatch'd and miſplac'd. *Cyrus*, goes and comes, and does nothing. According to the Author's Fancy, he ſometimes hears Fables, at other times Narratives; one while Lectures of Philoſophy and Politicks, and by-and-by Inſtructions on the Subjects of War, Trade, and Religion. *Telemachus* is much the ſame, bating the Speeches and finical Dialogues. *Cyrus* is always, as it were, in a Claſs, every now and then, asking School-Boys Queſtions, childiſhly believing every thing

thing that is told him, and always embracing the Opinion of him that ſpoke laſt. Beſides this, he has no other diſtinguiſh'd Character, ſo that they may be the Travels of any other Prince, as well as thoſe of *Cyrus*. In ſhort, he is as much a Child at the End of his Travels as he was at the Beginning, though he was then near thirty Years of Age. The Reaſon is, becauſe he has no Wit nor Genius, and I would not warrant that he underſtood one half of what was taught him.

Madam, ſaid the Chevalier, will you pleaſe to enter a little into the Detail of the Work, which you ſo much cenſure in the general, and to examine one thing after another. Conſider, that it has merited the Approbation of thoſe who *ſet up*, at this Time, for the *Patterns of Wit*. I perceive, *Cyrus*, with ſeveral other Books, adorns your Chimney-piece *. Let you and I run it over together —— How bright does it begin! How bold and conſpicuous is the Character of the *Perſians* and of the Court

* *Chamarre votre cheminée.* An Expreſſion of *M. C.* in the Journal of *Nancy*, Tom. I.

of *Ecbatana!* Do you think, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that there is much Wit and Sublimity of Genius in that Journey which *Cyrus* makes under the Conduct of his Mother? *Mandana*, who, 'tis pretended, *had a Mind adorned, and a Genius much above her Sex* † (an Expreſſion not very polite): *Mandana*, I ſay, takes a Pleaſure on the Road to entertain her Son, already ſixteen Years old, with Fables and Nurſes Tales. It was abſolutely neceſſary, reply'd the Chevalier, that the Author ſhould here fall in with the Oriental Taſte. This was then the metaphorical Manner of *giving Education to a growing Genius* *. The Author, who was a profound Philoſopher, juſtifies this Faſhion by a very ſolid Argument. *The Minds of young Perſons*, ſays he, *cannot compare, they only perceive Things* **. If this be ſo, reply'd the Marchioneſs, 'tis ridiculous to entertain Children with Fables; for every Fable is a Compariſon. Yet, according to the Author, the *Minds of Youth* muſt be inſtructed by Fables, *becauſe they cannot*

† Vol. I. p. 9.

* Dictionnaire Neologique has *donner l'Education à l'Eſprit*.

** Vol. I. p. 10.

compare,

compare, and only perceive Things. Was there ever a plainer Contradiction? As to the Oriental Taſte for Fables and Apologues, I rejoice that this is not the Occidental Taſte. Such childiſh Things are ſurfeiting to us; and an Author of the Weſt ought to have conſider'd, that he wrote for the Weſtern Side of the Globe.

But pray let us ſee, added the Marchioneſs, what happen'd at the Court of *Ecbatana? Aſtyages* tries the Genius of *Cyrus*, by putting ſeveral Queſtions to him, relating to the Manners and Laws of the *Perſians*, and the Child gives aſtoniſhing Anſwers; but what they were we know not; for we are told neither the Queſtions nor the Anſwers. All we are informed of is, that Cyrus *talks a little too much, and does not hearken enough to others; that he decides with an Air of Sufficiency, and ſeems too fond of Wit* *. But in order to cure him of theſe Faults, his Mother, who had hitherto entertained him with inſipid Fables, tells him a metaphyſical and political Story, in which, really, there's not one Circum-

* Vol. I. p. 14.

ſtance

ſtance that is applicable to what he is reproach'd for. She propoſes to him for a Pattern, a Prince of *Taciturnity* (conſequently one of a ſullen reſerv'd Temper) on purpoſe to *hinder him from deciding with an Air of Sufficiency, and from being too fond of Wit:* But at the ſame Time, that he may loſe the Habit of *Talking a little too much*, ſhe places before his Eyes a Prince of *Eloquence*, that is to ſay, according to the Author himſelf, a Prince who * *talk'd a great deal*, and thereby made himſelf *admir'd* by all that heard him. Was not this a very proper Example to make an Impreſſion on the tender Mind of *Cyrus*, and to render him ſilent? But does *Mandana* ſo much as pretend, that Taciturnity is a valuable Quality in a young Man? Beſides, why does ſhe ſuppoſe the *Bœotians* ſo far captivated with the Wit of an *eloquent* Prince, as to chuſe him for their King? How could Wit make ſuch an Impreſſion upon People ſo decry'd for their Stupidity and Folly, as the *Bœotians* are, by all ancient Writers? Could that Princeſs build upon the Authority of ſo un-

* Vol. I. p. 18.

polite

polite a People, to convince *Cyrus*, that Judgment was always a more neceſſary Talent for a King than Wit? As for my Part, reply'd the Chevalier, in this Fable of the *eloquent* Prince, which you have now ſo ſeverely * *cry'd down*, I admire that *fine Variety* of Shades in the Thought, that delicate Contraſt of Characters, and thoſe politick Leſſons of Inſtruction proper for exerciſing the Sagacity of ſo young a Prince as *Cyrus*, and to prepare him for a ſucceſſive unfolding of Intelligence †.

The Paſſage immediately following, continued the Chevalier, gives us real Cauſe to admire the Military Genius and Courage of *Cyrus*. *Merodac*, Son of *Nebuchadnezzar* King of *Aſſyria*, makes an Irruption into the Dominions of *Aſtyages*, who, to defend himſelf, aſſembles an Army conſiſting in the Whole of 8000 Horſe. He orders two

* *Mettre au rabais Nuances fines des Penſées*, Dict. Neol Cyrus, Vol. I. p. 307.

† Ibid. p. 215, of the Original. *De ſe preparer a un developpement ſucceſſif d'Intelligence.*

‡ Ibid. p. 191, of Rawley's Tranſlation.

** P. 20.

of his General Officers to go and obſerve the Enemy, and *Cyrus* accompanies them. The next Day *Aſtyages* aſſembled a Council of War, to deliberate what Motions he ſhould make. The Generals advis'd the ſuſpending all Action till the Arrival of new Troops. *Cyrus* then riſes up in the Midſt of the Aſſembly, and affirms, that an Attack may be made, becauſe he has obſerv'd *a great Wood neglected by the Enemy, which may be taken Poſſeſſion of* *. After having given ſuch wholeſom Counſel, the Author ſays, that he *held his Peace, bluſh'd*, and fear'd to have *ſpoken too much. All*, he adds, *admired his Genius for War at ſuch tender Years.* His Advice was follow'd, and they prepar'd for Battle.

Sir, reply'd the Marchioneſs, you build upon a very weak Foundation. The Author pretends to repreſent *Cyrus* to us as a couragious warlike young Prince. Mean time he makes him a timorous ſhameface'd Child, who *bluſhes*, after having ſpoke but four Words, *and fears he had ſaid too much.* Probably he then thought of the *ſilent* Prince.

* P. [illegible]

But

But is it not ridiculous that old Warriors, and *ſo many experienc'd Commanders*, ſhould not obſerve a *great Wood neglected by the Enemy*, but leave the Glory of that Diſcovery to a Child? To be ſure, reply'd the Chevalier, the Wood was very large to be ſo eaſily perceiv'd by an unexperienc'd Youth, and to be neglected by *experienc'd Commanders*, who could not think their Enemies ſo *unhappily overſeen* *, for having neglected that great Wood. From thence it follows, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that the Diſcovery was not very extraordinary, that the Generals of *Aſtyages* were not very watchful, and that the *Medes* were not ſo well skill'd in the Art of War, as they are repreſented to us, becauſe a meer Child reads them a Leſſon. Thoſe great Captains have *too eaſy Goodneſs* † in admiring *Cyrus* for having done a Thing which the meaneſt Officer in our Days would have thought of, if he were admitted to a Council of War. This is the only Opportunity which the *Medes* have to ſhew their Abilities in War, and yet they are repreſented to us as weak Men, that know not

* *Partages d'un eſprit aſſez infortuné*, Dict. Neol.

† Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 209. *Bonté trop confiante.*

the

the firſt Rudiments of it. But does not Mr. *Ramſay* reſemble them in ſome Degree, by placing an Ambuſcade of Horſe in a Wood?

An Author is to be forgiven, ſaid the Chevalier, for want of Skill in Military Affairs; but, however, Madam, continu'd he, 'tis impoſſible but your **Heart muſt yearn* when you read what paſſed when *Mandana* was leaving *Ecbatana*'s Court. She was deſirous to carry back her Son with her, but *Aſtyages* prays her to leave him behind; for, ſays he, he will be the Support of my old Age. *Cyrus* ſtays and ſwears to † *give himſelf up* to the Counſels and Judgment of *Hyſtaſpes*. *Mandana*, before ſhe ſets out, gives him a View of the Rocks that threaten Danger in a voluptuous Court. She goes away, and *Cyrus* melts into Tears. Theſe are Circumſtances truly noble and affecting. I confeſs, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that there's an Air of Dignity and Wiſdom in *Mandana*'s Diſcourſe; but the Childhood of *Cyrus* is ſo ſtrongly expreſs'd by the De-

* *Reflections ſur l'Hiſt.* Dict. Neol.

† Dict. Neol. *ſe remettre.*

luge

luge of Tears which he ſheds at his Mother's Departure, that he appears to us, as it were, with a Coral and Bells. Ah! reply'd the Chevalier, thoſe are natural virtuous Tears, which don't at all disfigure the Hero, but adorn his Character. His *Sentiments could not be repreſented otherwiſe* *. Beſides, as the Author obſerves, This was his firſt Separation from his Mother. Could he ever ſhed Tears at a better Time?

After all, continu'd the Chevalier, tho' whatever you have found Fault with hitherto is of no Moment, yet it furniſhes Matter for an agreeable Debate. But can't I find out a Way to reconcile our Sentiments? I think this will do it: 'Hitherto *Cyrus* had 'liv'd at the Court of *Aſtyages*, without 'being infected; but he ow'd his Chaſtity 'neither to the Preſence of *Mandana*, nor 'to the Counſels of *Hyſtaſpes*, nor to his 'natural Virtue, but to Love.' This Paſſage is ſimple, delicate, and bold, and prepares the Way for the Deſcription of a Paſſion, wherein the Pleaſure is ſeparated from the

* *Peindre une autre figure*, Dict. Neol.

Crime.

Crime. *Cyrus* falls in Love with *Caſſandana*, a Princeſs of *Perſia*, bred up at the Court of *Aſtyages*, who, among a thouſand good Qualities, had a * *Juſtneſs of Thought, which was as natural to her as a Gracefulneſs of Expreſſion, and a Gaiety of Converſation, which abounded with delicate Strokes of Wit, unſtudied and unaffected.* Such a Choice could not but give *Cyrus* a ſenſible Pleaſure, and what the Author adds in this Place cannot diſoblige the Ladies: 'This Princeſs produc'd, by Degrees, in his 'Soul all the Motions of that noble Paſſion 'which ſoftens the Hearts of Heroes †, 'without leſſening their Courage, and which 'places the principal Charm of Love in the 'Pleaſure of Loving. Precepts, Maxims, 'and ſevere Leſſons, do not always preſerve 'the Mind from the poiſonous Arrows of 'Senſuality! 'Tis perhaps exacting too much 'from Youth to require that they ſhould be 'inſenſible: And it often happens that no-'thing but a well-plac'd Love can be a Se-'curity from ridiculous Paſſions.' A dangerous Rival makes *Cyrus* feel all the Diſ-

* P. 29.
† P. 30.

quiets

quiets and Alarms which are created by the moſt innocent Paſſions. This Rival is *Cyaxares*, the Son of *Aſtyages*, an impetuous haughty Prince, who was unacquainted with *the Delicacy of Love**. The Author, reply'd the Marchioneſs, ſeems to me to aggravate the Effects of *Cyrus*'s Love for *Caſſandana*. Be the Paſſion of Love ever ſo chaſte and virtuous, I cannot eaſily believe that it can be of more effect than *natural Virtue*. Mr. *Ramſay* is a pleaſant Gentleman, in my Opinion, to think that Women are form'd to inſpire thoſe who tenderly love them, with *Diſcretion*, and to trump up an empty *Metaphyſical Love*, ſo much boaſted by a Lady of the laſt Century. But how comes *Cyaxares*, who is *unacquainted with the Delicacy of Love*, to gueſs, from the Guard *Caſſandana* kept upon herſelf, and from her reſerv'd Air with *Cyrus*, that ſhe is in Love with *Cyrus*, at the ſame Time that ſhe appears gay and free with him, *Cyaxares*? He that is *unacquainted with the Delicacy of Love*, will always be the Dupe of a Rival, and have the Chagrin

* P. 32.

to ſee him favour'd as *Cyrus* is by *Caſſandana*.

Hyſtaſpes, continu'd the Marchioneſs, is a Man of as bright Parts as *Cyaxares*. When he ſaw *Cyrus* thoughtful and abſent from himſelf, he ſuſpects him to be in Love, and upon this Occaſion tells him a very moving Story of the Loves of *Stryangeus* and *Zarina*; after which, *Hyſtaſpes*, that Sage *Mentor*, preſcribes to him what Kind of Miſtreſs he ought to chuſe, and names *Caſſandana* to him. *Cyrus* makes a ſincere Confeſſion of his Paſſion to him. But this Prince, that had long * *been accuſtom'd to open his Heart to* Hyſtaſpes, *who was not only his Counſellor, but the Confident of his Weakneſſes*, does not immediately let him into the Secret of his Paſſion for *Caſſandana*, for *Hyſtaſpes* was forc'd, in ſome Meaſure, to pump it out of him, by the Rehearſal of an amorous Story, and by Advice not becoming a Governor. But was that Story capable to convince a free young Prince, as *Cyrus* was, of the Dangers of his growing Paſſion, ſince *Stryangeus*'s

* P. 27.

Amour

Amour with *Zarina* was only criminal, becauſe he was already married? The Amours of *Stryangeus* and *Zarina*, ſaid the Chevalier, are not to be conſider'd in that Light; 'Tis ſufficient that there is an ingenious Series of Events and Motives, and a clear Moral, which is never the worſe for a ſmall Inaccuracy. Here now you compare Things, whereas you ought only to perceive them.

But, with your Favour, reply'd the Marchioneſs, I will now compare two Paſſages, which I have obſerv'd: The firſt is in Page 29 *, where the Author, ſpeaking of *Caſſandana*, ſays, 'That her Father, who 'was one of the principal *Satrapes* of '*Perſia*, had ſent her to the Court of '*Aſtyages* to be *there educated*.' The ſecond is in Page 52 †, where the Author ſays, with reſpect to this very Princeſs, 'Several 'Ladies of the Court regretted her, but the 'greater Part rejoiced at the Abſence of a 'Princeſs, whoſe Manners were too perfect 'a Model of diſcreet Conduct. It is our

* Vol. I. p. 29.
† Ibid. p. 52.

‘ Happineſs, *ſaid they*, to be rid of that ‘ Stranger, whom the ſevere Education of ‘ the *Perſians* has made inſenſible.’ *Caſſandana* is a *young* Princeſs, according to the Author, ſent to the Court of *Aſtyages, there to be educated*, and yet in that very Court is ſhe reproached with having *had a ſevere Education from the* Perſians. Oh! Madam, cry'd the Chevalier, the Princeſs had a *twofold* Education, firſt among the *Perſians*, and laſt among the *Medes*. You ſhould add then, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that in order to qualify the *ſevere Education of the* Perſians, her Father *Pharnaſpes* was willing ſhe ſhould receive a ſecond Education, in a Court where *Love was without Delicacy*, where * *blind Pleaſure was its only attractive Charm, and where the Women thought themſelves deſpis'd, when no Attempts were made to enſnare them.*

But how abſurd is it to make the Women at the Court of *Aſtyages* ſay, *We are happy to be rid of that Stranger, whom the ſevere Education of the* Perſians *has made inſen-*

* Vol. I. p. 7.

ſible,

ſible *, when in the very Page preceding, we have the Symptoms of the moſt violent Love, a mournful Silence, a languiſhing Air, a Vivacity of Wit extinguiſh'd, and all her natural Charms vaniſh'd! Could the gay Ladies of that Court need any Thing more to diſcover that *Caſſandana* was in Love, and did not preſent them with *too perfect a Model of diſcreet Conduct* †? Is it not natural, reply'd the Chevalier, to think that the Women at the Court of *Aſtyages*, whoſe Hearts were ſo tainted, did not perceive the Senſibility of *Caſſandana*, and that as they knew of no Love but what was *corporal* §, they muſt be ignorant of the tender Effects of a Love chaſte and *ſpiritualiz'd*?

The Marchioneſs was thorowly pleas'd with the Manner in which the Chevalier defended the *Travels of* Cyrus; for his Arguments made her as merry as his Expreſſions. Word being then brought that the Supper was ſerv'd in, the Chevalier talk'd a great

* Vol. I. p. 51.
† Ibid. p. 52.
§ *Corporaliſer*, Vol. II.

deal during the Repaſt, and deliver'd abundance of Paradoxes upon all Manner of Subjects. *The* Attick *Salt and Politeneſs were the principal Delicacies of the Entertainment* *.

* Vol. I. p. 251.

CONVER-

CONVERSATIONS
UPON THE
TRAVELS
OF
CYRUS.

The SECOND CONVERSATION.

THE next Morning the Marchioneſs ſent for the Chevalier, who, the better to qualify himſelf for the further Diſcuſſion of the *Travels of Cyrus*, had ſpent ſome Hours of the Night in reflecting upon the fineſt Paſſages of the Book. I fear, ſaid ſhe, the Moment ſhe ſaw him, that the Pains you took laſt Night in Defence of the *Cyrus*

have hindred you, as the Poets ſay, from *refreſhing your Body by Sleep**. If you were among the Magi, your Senſes would be calm'd by *Muſick* and the *Morning Sacrifice*. Nevertheleſs, if you pleaſe, and if you are not weary of my finding ſo many Faults, we will take t'other Journey with *Cyrus*. With all my Heart, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier; you argue with ſo much Wit and good Humour, that I ſhall certainly be of your Opinion very ſoon. *Cyrus* in his Childhood, or rather Youth, has but little Impreſſion on you, and I perceive that you are not to be pleaſed without the Sublime. I have ſome Remarks to offer you to Day, Madam, wherein you will find the † *Surpriſing* joyn'd to the *Natural*; for the Second and following Books, which we are next to conſider, do far excel the Firſt. But, ſaid the Marchioneſs, interrupting him, the firſt Book upon which we diſcours'd laſt Night, ſeems to me to be the moſt important Part of the Treatiſe, it being that in which *Cyrus* is moſt active, and wherein the Events concern him moſt imme-

* Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 103.
† Ibid. p. 303.

diately.

diately. In the reſt of the Book there is no Action at all; for the Hero only walks about, and meets with Politicians, Philoſophers, and Divines, that give him Lectures, to which he never fails to give Ear, and is ſo tractable, and credulous, that he takes all they ſay for granted; ſo that there's no Invention, no Art, no Variety.

No Variety! reply'd the Chevalier. Has not every Journey a particular Motive? Is not every Adventure different? What a Diverſity of Ideas and Inſtructions is there upon all manner of important Subjects? Alas! do you reproach the Author with want of Variety! I own, anſwer'd the Marchioneſs, that the Author does not repeat the ſame Things, and that though he often returns back to the ſame Subjects (as for Example to Politicks, to the Diſtinction of the three States) there is an Air of Variety in the Ideas which he communicates. But what I ſay is, that he has not ſufficiently vary'd his Method of Narration. There is too conſtant a Uniformity in the Diſpoſition, Turn, and Relation of the Subjects he treats of. Every Piece ſeems to be cut out

by

by the ſame Pattern, and the Author has been ſo very negligent of Art and Invention, that one would take him for the Diſciple of that famous Legiſlator of *Athens*, whom he repreſents to us as the declared Enemy of Imagination. Ah! Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, a little more Indulgence, I beſeech you. The Subſtance ought to carry it here before the Form. The Author did not propoſe to write a Romance. Art and Invention are quite out of the Queſtion; and if there be any thing in this Work which Imagination has a Right to lay claim to, 'tis only a few Epiſodes artfully inſerted to correct the pernicious Sterility of the Didactick Style, and to qualify the auſtere Gravity of a ſublime Moral. For Example, I am charm'd to ſee how *Cyrus* approaches the *Magi* in the Second Book, with his Spouſe *Caſſandana*. The Pourtraicture of thoſe Philoſophers is admirable. The Hiſtory of the Amours of * Zoroaſter *tranſports my Soul, and gives it lively and pleaſing Emotions.* But beſides thoſe moving

* The Abbé [illegible]'s Diſſertation on the Epick Poem. *Tranſlator.*

Images,

Images, what a learned Profuſion is there of Arguments in Natural Philoſophy, and of the *Perſian* Mythology! I confeſs to you, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that the Picture of thoſe *Magi* pleaſed me extremely, and that I have a profound Veneration for thoſe pious Hermits of all Ages, who apply'd themſelves ſucceſſively to Muſick, Prayer, and Study, and who * *over againſt a Company of Women* were neither *ſevere*, nor *melancholy*, nor *thoughtful*, but agreeable and polite How am I charm'd with that *Province*, † which each Sage had in the Empire of Philoſophy! and eſpecially with the Maxim eſtabliſh'd among them, *That the Sciences were no further valuable than they ſerv'd as Steps to aſcend to the great* Oromazes, *and from thence to deſcend back to Man.* But here he omits to tell us, that another of the Maxims among thoſe *Magi* was, that *Pleaſure* †† *is the only moving Spring of Man's Heart.* Yet this is the very Doctrine which the Author aſcribes to them in the Beginning of his Book, and which at the ſame

* Travels of Cyrus, Vol. I. p. 42.
† Ibid. p. 62. *Departement.*
†† Ibid. p. 8.

Time

Time he takes to be very pernicious, ‘ That ‘ which contributed, *ſays he*, to increaſe ‘ this Corruption of Mind, Manners, and ‘ Sentiments (at the Court of *Aſtyages*) ‘ was the new Doctrine ſpread every where ‘ by the *Magi*, That *Pleaſure is the only* ‘ *moving Spring of Man's Heart*. For as ‘ each Man was free to place his Pleaſure ‘ according to his Fancy, this Maxim autho- ‘ riz'd Virtue or Vice, according to every ‘ one's Taſte, Humour, or Complexion.

I queſtion, added the Marchioneſs, whether thoſe *Magi* were to blame, in the main, and whether the Author was in the right to charge the Corruption at the Court of *Ecbatana*, to that which he aſſerts to be their Doctrine. For ſince every Man is free * *to place his Pleaſure according to his Fancy, in Vice or Virtue*, this Doctrine ſo much in favour of the Freedom of the Will, cannot be of itſelf a Source of Corruption; and for my Life, I am not able to diſcover where is the Poyſon of ſuch Philoſophy. But after the Author has repreſented the *Magi* to us as *Corrupters* of the *Mind, Manners*,

* Ibid.

and

and *Sentiments*, how comes it that he paints thoſe ſame Men to us as holy Perſonages? You would take them (except in the Company of Women) for Fathers of the Deſart. Could *Cyrus* help being prejudic'd againſt them, knowing the ſecret Poyſon of their Morals, of which, no doubt, he was informed during his Reſidence at the Court of *Aſtyages*?* At leaſt, how comes it to paſs that he had not the Curioſity to ask the *Archimagus Zoroaſter* how he accounted for ſo fatal a Doctrine?

But, continued the Marchioneſs, it muſt be confeſs'd, that florid Deſcriptions and captivating Expreſſions hinder the Sight of theſe little Inconſiſtencies of the Author, and are like thoſe pretty Hills he ſpeaks of here, *which as they open'd made the Objects ſeem to fly away* †. There is ſomething pleaſant in the Adventures of *Zoroaſter*. I am affected with his Narrative, except in one Phraſe, which I think a little indiſcreet, where he ſays, *I left my Father's Palace*,

* *I have already ſeen at* Ecbatana *ſeveral* Magi, *who talk the ſame Language with* Anaximander. *Cyrus* Vol. II. p. 18. How comes it that *Cyrus* obſerves ſuch a profound Silence here, on ſo important a Point?

† *Cyrus* p. 62.

I was young, was a Prince, and did not conſult Reaſon‡‡. The Character he gives of that Government in *Lycia*, which made the Men ſubject to the Women, and which put the Sceptre into the Hands of our Sex, is agreeable and tempting. * The *Good-Nature of the Sex*, ſays our Author, *prevented all the Miſchiefs of Tyranny*. But the worſt on't is, that in two or three Lines after, we find a Queen dethron'd in that ſame Country, by the Ambition of her Kinſwoman; from whence I can't help inferring, in ſpite of my ſelf and the Author too, that there is not a Pin to chuſe betwixt the Government of Women and that of Men.

My Heart is melted at the affectionate Wiſhes of the honeſt *Archimagus*, in favour of *Cyrus*, and at his conſtant Tenderneſs for the beautiful *Selima*, who was ſnatch'd from him by Death: 'My only Comfort, ſays he, 'is the *Hopes of ſeeing *Selima* again in the 'Sphere of Fire, the pure Element of Love. 'Souls make Acquaintance only, here be-

‡‡ *Cyrus* p. 69.
* Ibid. p. 74.
† Ibid. p. 58.

'low;

'low; it is above that their Union is con-
'ſummated. O *Selima*, *Selima*! I ſhall joyn
'you again one Day: Our Flame will be
'Eternal. I know that in thoſe ſuperior
'Regions your Happineſs will not be com-
'pleat 'till I ſhare it with you. They who
'have lov'd each other purely will love for
'ever. True Love is immortal!' Do but obſerve and admire the Fortitude of *Zoroaſter*'s Mind, in comforting himſelf with the Hopes of ſeeing again, one Day, in the *Fire*, that dear Spouſe of his, whoſe Soul had *contracted an Acquaintance* here below with his, and who cannot be compleatly happy 'till her fond Husband comes to keep her Company in the *Fire*, *the pure Element of Love*.

How pleaſantly you banter, Madam, ſaid the Chevalier! You know how to give a comical Turn to the moſt Sublime Subjects: As I have not that happy Talent, I muſt take Leave to tell you, that I can ſee nothing of Ridicule in it, with all the *Opticks* I have, and that *Zoroaſter* could not decently converſe otherwiſe with *Cyrus*, when *Caſſandana* was in Company. *Zoroaſter*, a

polite

polite and gay Philoſopher, was very ſenſible that he ſhould infallibly have weary'd the Princeſs by Lectures of Natural Philoſophy, and Scraps of Mythology; therefore he entertains her with the diverting Story of his Amours, and gives her a Syſtem of great Conſolation to Women that are parted by Death from their Lovers, or, if you pleaſe, their Husbands. And afterwards, while *Zoroaſter* initiates the Prince in all the Myſteries of the Oriental Wiſdom, *Caſſandana* converſes with the Wives of the *Magi*, and delights herſelf with the Harmony of their Concerts. Truly, reply'd the Marchioneſs, ſhe did very well to prefer good Muſick before chimerical Syſtems, which probably would have been as unintelligible to that Princeſs as they are to me. For, I confeſs to you, that I have no Notion of that *Ethereal Matter which is the Body of the* † *Great* Oromazes, whoſe Soul is Truth, nor of many other Whimſies, which *Zoroaſter* here pronounces with Gravity. Mean Time the Author, reply'd the Chevalier, lays down a Syſtem that is very

† *Cyrus* p. 98.

agreeable

agreeable and magnificent; a Fire pure and * *divine*, expanded in the Spaces of the *Empyreum*, by means of which, not only Bodies but *Spirits* become visible, the great *Oromazes* in the Midst of this immense Fire; the God *Mythras* seated near him; around his Throne, the *Jyngas*, the *Synoches*, the *Telatarches*, the *Amilictes*, and the *Cosmogoges*. Oh Heavens! cry'd the Marchioness, what Names! what Creatures are these!

Arimanius, chief of the *Jyngas* (continued the Chevalier, with a mysterious Smile) aspires to an Equality with the God *Mythras*, and stirs up all the Spirits of his Order. *Oromazes* withdraws his Rays, and immediately the Sphere of *Arimanius* becomes a dark Chaos. Mean time, *Oromazes* is affected with Compassion for the dismal Condition of those Spirits; he dissipates their Chaos, he disentangles its Elements, and ranges them in Order; and that was the Origin of the Creation of the World, that is to say, of the Sun, and the seven Planets, including the Earth. The slothful gloomy

* *Cyrus* p. 98.

Genii retir'd into *Saturn*; the impious and learned *Genii* into *Jupiter*; the quarrelſom and vindictive *Genii* into *Mars*; the impure *Genii* into *Venus*; the weak and wavering Minds into *Mercury*; the capricious and fantaſtical *Genii* into the *Moon*: All which *Genii* regulate the Influence of the Stars.

As for the Earth, it was fill'd with *Genii* of all thoſe Species whom the God *Mythras* is inceſſantly *purifying* and *exalting**. Thoſe who love Virtue fly away, after Death, into the *Empyreum*, where they are reunited to their Origin. Thoſe, on the contrary, who ſuffer themſelves to be corrupted by Vice, ſink deeper and deeper into Matter, fall ſucceſſively into the Bodies of the meaneſt Animals, and run thro' a perpetual Circle of new Forms, till they are purg'd of their Crime, by the Pains they undergo. At laſt, when 9000 Years are expir'd, *Arimanius* will be deſtroy'd and exterminated, the univerſal Harmony will be reſtor'd, and Men will live happy, without any bodily Want. Is it

* *Cyrus*, p. 112. Souls that are in a State of Perfection do not deſire everlaſting Happineſs barely as a Condition that affords them Pleaſure, Joy, or Deliverance from the Sufferings of this Life, but as a State that *exalts*, that *purifies*, that *conſummates* our Love. *M. de Fenelon's* Life, printed in *Holland*, p. 65.

poſſible

poſſible not to be *captivated with the Charms of theſe Doctrines* *?

How fine is all this! ſaid the Marchioneſs. I ſeriouſly own that this Expoſition makes a wonderful Picture; but you will confeſs that there's not a great deal of good Senſe in it. Where is the Proof of all theſe aſtoniſhing Suppoſitions? The Prince is a mere Fool to admire thoſe ſublime Diſcoveries, which ſeem to me to be a monſtrous Medley of the Phyſico-Theology of the *Perſian* Philoſophers, with the extravagant Religion of the Vulgar. I can't forbear laughing, when I ſee *Cyrus* forgive *Zoroaſter* for not producing any Proof, and proceed immediately to the Conſequences: 'I am therefore, *ſaid he* †, a Ray of Light 'emitted from its Principle, and I am to 'return to it. You raiſe within me an in-'exhauſtible Source of Pleaſures, which I 'knew not before. Adverſity may here-'after ſhock me, but will never overwhelm 'me. All the Misfortunes of Life will ap-'pear to me as tranſitory Dreams.'

* Abbe *du Pons*'s Diſſertation on the Epick Poem.
† *Cyrus*, p. 113.

Conſider, Madam, ſaid the Chevalier, that Men were not formerly ſo unbelieving as they are now. When *Anchiſes*, in the *Æneid*, explains to *Æneas* the Syſtem of the World, and the Immenſity of the Divine Being which animates it, together with the Nature and Deſtiny of Souls, *Æneas* hearkens to him with Attention, and believes. Would you have had our Author to have made *Cyrus* a cavilling Diſputant? No, ſaid the Marchioneſs, but I could wiſh he had made a Man of Senſe of him. *Virgil* was not for making *Æneas* diſpute with his Father in the *Elyſian* Fields, where he could have no Manner of Suſpicion of whatever was taught him, becauſe *Anchiſes* was ſuppos'd to be at the Fountain of Truth, and in a Sort of a State of Infallibility. But this cannot be ſaid of the Diſcourſe made by *Zoroaſter*; and *Cyrus* is in the wrong to take him at his Word, becauſe every Thing which that *Archimagus* tells him, is full of Difficulties, which are enough to ſtartle the meaneſt Capacity. In a Word, I ſay it once more, I think *Caſſandana* was happy that

ſhe

ſhe was out of the Hearing of all this Converſation.

What! reply'd the Chevalier, is it poſſible you were not taken with thoſe *ſumptuous Images* * which ariſe from Subjects in Natural Philoſophy, ſo learnedly explain'd by *Zoroaſter*? That's what they call the *Excellency* of Philoſophy. Truly, ſaid the Marchioneſs, I know not what you find of the Marvellous in it: My Son, who ſtudied Philoſophy but laſt Year, knows as much as all that comes to, and tho' I am no Scholar, I have read the very ſame Thing in I know not how many Books. But what aſtoniſhes me, is to ſee *Zoroaſter* in the Dreſs of a modern Philoſopher: You know that the Antients were miſerable Naturaliſts. Do you make no Account, ſaid the Chevalier, of that diſtinct and clear Expoſition of all thoſe Philoſophical Tenets, which carries with it the *Apparatus* of a laborious Sagacity? This *challenges your Praiſe with Authority* †. What can be more ingenious than the Turn the Author has invented to make *Zoroaſter*, with

* Abbe *du Pons*'s Diſſertation on Epick Poetry.
† Ibid.

Impunity, a ſtaunch *Carteſian* §: 'The *Chal-* 'dæans, the *Egyptians*, and the *Gymnoſo-* 'phiſts, had a wonderful Knowledge of 'Nature, but they wrapt it up in Allego- 'rical Fables. And this, doubtleſs, is the 'Reaſon that venerable Antiquity has been 'reproached with Ignorance in Natural Phi- 'loſophy.' Thus the courteous *Zoroaſter* has only ſtripp'd the Allegory of its obſcure Pageantry, being convinc'd that it does not always deſerve the Honour of Myſtery.

Be but conſiſtent with yourſelf, reply'd the Marchioneſs. You are the declared Enemy of the Antients; You reproach them inceſſantly with Ignorance of Method, and of Natural Philoſophy, and yet you eſtabliſh an Apologetick Maxim in their Favour, which the boldeſt of their Admirers would not preſume to advance. Moreover, what are theſe *Allegorical Fables*, in which new Diſcoveries are wrapp'd up? The Author would be very much puzzled, if he was preſſed to point them out to us. You are intertain'd, ſaid the Chevalier, with the brighteſt Novelty, and that it may come to

§ Cyrus, Vol. I. p. 89.

you

you with a Sanction, 'tis preſented to you with the venerable Air of Antiquity, and yet you are not ſatisfied. But, Madam, he added, why do you think there is ſuch an impenetrable Obſcurity in what *Zoroaſter* ſays, when he teaches that the Ætherial Matter *is the Body of the Great* Oromazes, *whoſe Soul is Truth* *? and that the *Soul of the Great* Oſiris *forſook his Body, which is Nature* †? Who ſhould ennoble *Phyſico-Theology* with ſuch great and lofty Characters, but Men of *refin'd* and *exalted Talents*? Say rather, reply'd the Marchioneſs with an Air of Vivacity, that 'tis the Talent of ſuch to throw Darkneſs upon the cleareſt Objects. Let us dive no farther into theſe enthuſiaſtical Chimæras. I don't pretend to more Senſe than *Caſſandana.* She was not reckon'd worthy of theſe fine Diſcoveries, nor am I willing to give myſelf the Trouble of inquiring into them any farther. But, ſhe added, 'tis remarkable that, in reading the Author's *Diſcourſe* upon *Mythology*, I had a Glimpſe of his Deſign. He inſinuates that he has found out a Syſtem of Religion, common

* *Cyrus*, p. 98.
† Ibid. p. 192.

to all the Nations of Antiquity. But I own to you, that all that he ſays here is paſt my Comprehenſion. Yet the Matter ought to have been ſo clearly made out, that there would have been no need to turn to that Diſcourſe, but in Hopes of a further Explanation.

'Tis plain, reply'd the Chevalier, that you are a Stranger to the Pleaſure there is in finding out the Senſe of an obſcure Paſſage*. 'The Gods have ſpread a Sacred Veil over 'Religion, which opens and vaniſhes, when 'the Eyes of the Underſtanding are able to 'ſupport its Brightneſs.' By diving into this Syſtem, which you think too clear, that of the *Jewiſh* Religion is explain'd of Courſe, as appears from the Concluſion of *Cyrus*'s *Travels*. Therefore don't reproach the Author any more for talking ænigmatically; 'Tis *Zoroaſter* that ſpeaks†. After having collected himſelf inwardly, *he concenters and confines himſelf in his Spiritual Nature* §; and thus repreſents the Sublime Flight of an Enthuſiaſt: ' ** Spirits of this

* *Cyrus*, p. 197.
† Ibid. p. 104.
§ Mr. *Ramſay*'s Life of *Fenelon*, *Dutch* Edit. p. 45.
** Ibid. p. 47.

' Caſt

'Caſt love Figures that are bold and hyper-
'bolical, Expreſſions that are briſk and
'lively, and Turns that are humorous:
'Being Imitators of fair Nature, they neg-
'lect to range Phraſes methodically, and
'adorn the Whole with a lovely Confu-
'ſion, wherein every Thing is Sentiment,
'without Art.

Let us juſt touch upon it, ſaid the Marchioneſs. That Oriental Learning which the Author has endeavour'd to ſpiritualize, is ſtrangely diſplac'd. Becauſe he owns that the *Greeks* had the ſame Gods as the *Egyptians*, though under different Names, the Syſtem of the *Greeks* Religion is very well known to us, and therefore it was neceſſary to adopt it. An Author is really to be pitied, reply'd the Chevalier. 'Tis expected he ſhould produce ſomething that's new and bold, and when he has done ſo, the Critick grumbles at him for it. If Mr. *Ramſay* had tack'd his Theological Ideas to thoſe of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, then it would have been ſaid infallibly, that's very wonderful, all the World knows as much. Therefore, in order to deceive his Readers agreeably, he was

was obliged to the far-fetch'd Ornaments of the Oriental Learning. There is, moreover, a Kind of Pleaſure in unmasking thoſe ſtrange Deities which I ſhould be apt to call *Perſian* and *Egyptian* Monſters. That's a Pleaſure I don't envy you, ſaid the Marchioneſs; 'tis not very engaging. How comes Mr. *Ramſay*, whom his fond Admirer calls the Diſciple of the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, to ramble ſo far out of his Maſter's Route? *Telemachus* travels into *Egypt*, where he meets with an *Egyptian* Prieſt, with whom he talks of a Deity. But this great Prelate, who (without Offence to Mr. *Ramſay*) had juſter Notions of Antiquity, was far from making a vain Parade with prolix Learning, which only impoſes upon the ignorant Vulgar: He knew that to keep ſo cloſely to the Dogmatical Style, made the Narration dull and tireſome. He was ſatisfied with rendering himſelf intelligible to all Mankind, and deſpis'd the trifling Honour of being a laborious Compiler. But, ſaid the Chevalier, are not you amply made Amends by that florid Deſcription of the Happineſs enjoy'd by *Cyrus* and *Caſſandana*? Has he not ſhewn a great deal of Art in repreſenting

preſenting the Duration of it ſo ſhort, and in the Hurry he is in to acquaint the Reader of that Princeſs's Death? Undoubtedly he has, ſaid the Marchioneſs; for ſhe had prov'd a Clog to *Cyrus* in his long Journies; and, moreover, her Death gives him an Occaſion to go again in Queſt of the *Magi*, and to court Solitude with them for his Conſolation.

You have triumph'd, Madam, in this ſecond Book, ſaid the Chevalier; but ſurely it will be my Turn to boaſt in that which we are to examine next. *Cyrus* was no ſooner arrived upon the Coaſt of *Arabia Fœlix*, but he meets a venerable old Man, named *Amenophis*. Tho' a Court Favourite, he was the Sport of Fortune, and yet a Man of ſo ſublime a Character and Sentiments, that he *challeng'd both Love and Amiration**. Being betray'd by the ungrateful *Amaſis*, who ow'd his Advancement to him, he loſes the Favuor of *Apries* King of *Egypt*, whoſe Crown this Traitor uſurps. This Story is a Picture, which, in my Opinion, richly deſerves the At-

* *Appelle a ſoi l'Admiration & l'Amour.* Abbe *du Pour's* Diſſertation on the Epick Poem.

tention

tention of all Monarchs. How bold are the Strokes! How fine the Expreſſion, and the Colourings! I own, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that I read that Paſſage with Pleaſure, but nothing ſo much affected me as that *Couragious Spirit* which the Author diſcovers, and which is ſo rare to be found among our *French* Writers. But I queſtion whether he has not thought a little too freely. Perhaps he will find no Favour from thoſe that are nice Judges. All that I know of the Matter is, that at the End of this Hiſtory he deviates totally from Probability. In order to bring *Amenophis*, who was detain'd in a dark Priſon, acquainted with *Arobal*, he feigns, that this *Arobal*, who is alſo a Priſoner, and wants to make his Eſcape, penetrates through the Priſon Wall of *Amenophis*, and gets into his Chamber, * thinking, probably, to force his Way into the Fields. They are afterwards both condemned to the Mines, where they have no other Comfort than to reaſon upon the Nature of the Stones and Metals, which they obſerve by the Glimmering of the Lamps,

* *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 147.

and

and where, like two *Tourneforts*, they are at Hand to *catch Nature in the Fact*. But a Stroke equally terrible and unexpected reſtores them to Liberty. The ſubterraneous Fires break their Priſon, in order to break that of our Captives. A horrid Noiſe was heard, † the Shocks redoubled, the Earth ſeem'd to groan. In a Word, thoſe Fires impetuouſly open a Paſſage for the two Priſoners, into a ſpacious Cave, and that which threaten'd them with Death procur'd them Liberty. They walk a long Time by the Light of their Lamps, before they ſee the Day. At length they are come to an old Temple, conſecrated to *Oſiris*, near the *Arabian* Gulph.

A conſiderate Reader, ſaid the Marchioneſs, will, upon this, make ſeveral Reflections. In the firſt place, how a violent Shock of the Earth, excited by ſubterraneous Fires, which was enough to have ſwallow'd and bury'd our two Speculators, could open them a Paſſage, and turn them up ſo happily out of the Bowels of the Earth? Secondly, how their dim

† *Cyrus* Vol. I. p. 150

Lamps

Lamps came not to be extinguiſh'd, when the Noiſe and Confuſion was ſo great? were they re-kindled by thoſe ſubterraneous Fires. In ſhort, how can we imagine our Priſoners thrown, without receiving any Damage, into a ſpacious Cave, which opens to conduct them to an old Temple, where they were to add an *ex Voto* to the *Bas Relievo's* of the Altar. Surely the great Naturaliſt, *Zoroaſter*, would have been very much at a Loſs to have given a natural Account of this Phænomenon, and would, undoubtedly, have aſcrib'd it to a Victory of *Mythras*, over *Arimanius*.

Politick Reflections, ſaid the Chevalier, *never gave me any Offence**. I have always obſerv'd, that criminal Alluſions only pleaſe chimerical Underſtandings, and you are in the right not to patronize them. As to the Eſcape under Ground, give me Leave to tell you, that you are too obſervant, and that your Eyes, as penetrating as thoſe of *Zoroaſter*, have no † *need of Optick Glaſſes to*

* Abbe *de Pons*'s Diſſertation on the Epick Poem. *Ne m'ont jamais affecté d'aucun ſcandale.*

† *Cyrus* Vol. I. p. 91.

magnify

magnify Objects, and bring them near. Like him, *your Spirit ſees farther than the Eye can reach to.* However, you ought to prize the Dexterity of the Author, who ſo lightly ſlides over that Paſſage, and tells the Fact with ſo much Art, that if it be not read with Attention, one does not perceive that there want certain Lights and Shades of Probability. He had no need of ſo much Art for the fine Paſſage that follows; which is the Deſcription of *Egypt*, taken from *Diodorus* of *Sicily*, *Herodotus*, and *Strabo*. I own, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that the Deſcription is free, but I remember to have read the greateſt Part of it elſewhere, and undoubtedly the Author had it from the ſame Sources. I could wiſh that a little more Method had been obſerv'd in the Account; for he makes the *Egyptian* Prieſts talk, and at the ſame Time ſeems to ſpeak himſelf, ſo that one wou'd be apt to ſay, he has not been able to conceal his Petty Larceny. Beſides, I don't like ſome fabulous Touches which he interſperſes in the Hiſtory of that Kingdom; ſuch as this, for Example; * 'Nature was then obedient to

* *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 164, 165.

the

'the Sages; they could put all its hidden 'Springs in Motion. They produc'd the 'moſt amazing Prodigies whenever they 'pleas'd. The aërial *Genii* were ſubject to 'them. They had frequent Intercourſe 'with the ætherial Spirits, and ſometimes 'with the pure Intelligences that inhabit 'the *Empyreum*.' I believe, indeed, that the *Egyptian* Prieſts told all theſe Stories to the common People, but how ridiculous does it make *Cyrus*, to ſuppoſe him ſo weak to give Ear to ſuch Stuff! And what do thoſe Prieſts, that preach ſuch Nonſenſe to *Cyrus*, take him to be, when they tell him very gravely, 'That † the Arts of Imitation, Poeſy, Mu-'ſick, Painting, every thing within the Pro-'vince of the Imagination, are but Sports 'of the Mind, in compariſon of the ſub-'lime Sciences known by the firſt Men?' I cannot conceive why the Author, who puts *Cyrus* upon Travelling, with a View only to form his Underſtanding, makes his Interlocutors talk in ſuch a manner. What Benefit can a Prince reap from ſo abſurd a Converſation, where, under Pretence only of enlightning his Reaſon, War is prepoſte-

† *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 164.

rouſly

rouſly declar'd againſt the Imagination; and where the Aim is to render thoſe Arts contemptible, which all your Author's Philoſophy can never depreciate in the Eſteem of Men of Senſe?

You are a little too critical upon the Author's Ideas, reply'd the Chevalier. Pray mind his General Plan. He endeavours every where to trace the Knowledge of the three States of Man, and with a philoſophical Imagination he deſcribes the Syſtem of the Religion of the *Egyptians*, and keeps up exactly to their Idiom. Charge certain Obſcurities to the Prieſts. They ought not to be plac'd to the Author's Account. I know, reply'd the Marchioneſs, Mr. *Ramſay*'s Plan. But *Cyrus* had already learn'd that curious Syſtem among the *Magi*, and all that he is entertain'd with here, is a Repetition of the ſame Things under different Names.

The Marchioneſs ſeem'd deſirous to call another Cauſe, and ſome Viſitors coming in at the ſame Time, the Diſcourſe upon *Cyrus* was dropp'd for that Day.

CONVERSATIONS UPON THE TRAVELS OF CYRUS.

The THIRD CONVERSATION.

TWO Days were expir'd, during which the Marchioneſs ſhew'd no Deſire to converſe with the Chevalier, upon the Sequel of *Cyrus*'s Travels. The *Jyngas*, the *Coſmogoges*, the *Amilictes*, *Oromazes*, *Mythras*, *Arimanius* had ſo ſtunn'd her, that ſhe was not willing to have her Head fill'd with any more of thoſe chimerical Ideas, and dreaded

the very Thoughts of them. Mean Time the Chevalier, who perceiv'd her Diſtaſte, was very ſorry for it, and impatient to the laſt Degree, to revive the Converſation upon the Book. The Marchioneſs ſaw what he wanted, and thought, that in Complaiſance, ſhe ought to have a little more Chat with him upon *Cyrus*. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I can't deny giving you your Revenge. I know you would not like me if I did not go on with the Examination which we have begun, but I very much fear that you will be no more a Gainer by it than you have been hitherto: This is really playing on, though you loſe. Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, I may play on, for let my Loſs be what it will, I ſhall never exhauſt the Eſteem which I have for *Cyrus*. Beſides, in the Sequel of this Book, the Odds will appear to be very great on my Side, becauſe there's a Mixture throughout, of the *Utile dulci*, the Sublime and the Agreeable, the Superficial and the Solid. For Inſtance, ſaid he, where you find *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* embarking for *Greece*, pray attend to the Diſcourſe of thoſe learned and amiable Travellers, upon the Fiſh, upon the Beds of Salt and Bituminous Matter, upon

upon the Weight of each Grain of Salt, upon the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, upon the Influence of the Moon, which cauſes thoſe regular Motions. The Author, ſaid the Marchioneſs, expreſſes himſelf elegantly upon thoſe Subjects, and treats them accurately; but I own to you, I think the whole is miſplac'd. Is it worth the while to put a Prince upon Travelling, to hear Lectures of Natural Philoſophy, which he might eaſily have learn'd without going from his Court? When we are told of poor Wretches condemn'd to the Mines, there comes immediately a ſhort Diſſertation upon Stones and Minerals. Are *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* a-board a Veſſel? They are made to diſcourſe upon the Nature and Properties of the Sea. They ſay Things that are ſenſible, but then they are common and trivial. But if while they were arguing about the Brackiſhneſs of the Sea, they had aſcrib'd it to the Excrements of the Fiſh, as a certain modern Philoſopher has done, it would have been pleaſant and diverting; or, in ſhort, if ſome primitive Naturaliſt had happen'd in *Cyrus*'s Way, to have told him, for inſtance, that Fire is a very dull, heavy Element, this, at leaſt, would have been

merry; but I am told Things that I knew before, and ſo did every body elſe. In truth, 'tis pity, that ſome Rainbow had not appear'd in the Clouds, while *Cyrus* was on his Travels, becauſe we ſhould have had a learned Explication of that Meteor. For my part, I am heartily vex'd to find no Storms of Wind, Hail, Thunder, or Rain in Mr. *Ramſay*'s Book, no exceſſive Heats, nor Colds. I ſhould have heard the Cauſe of all thoſe Effects, or rather, he would have recall'd to my Remembrance what I have been told upon that Head, by an ingenious Member of the Academy of Sciences. But ſince the Author was for making a Diſplay of his Skill in Natural Philoſophy, he ought, at leaſt, to have fix'd upon ſuch Articles as had relation to the Country where the Scene was: For inſtance, every one knows that in *Egypt* it never rains nor thunders. Therefore, during the Time that *Cyrus* ſtay'd in that Kingdom, I ſhould have been pleaſed to have met with ſome Reaſon in Nature for that Particular.

Pray Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, do but obſerve the Author's juſt and plain Way of

of Thinking and Expreſſion. *Cyrus*, as we may call it, goes thro' a ſhort Courſe of Natural Philoſophy, under the *Archimagus Zoroaſter*; † *The Underſtanding of this Prince improv'd as he advanc'd in Years. His Taſte and his Genius led him to the Study of the ſublime Sciences*; conſequently it was but natural for him to ſhew, that he was the wiſer for the Lectures of that great Philoſopher. Your Anſwer is very good, reply'd the Marchioneſs; but how comes it that * *Araſpes, whoſe Temper was gay, and his Judgment ſolid at the ſame Time*, does not ſtart a Converſation more judicious, more delicate, and more agreeable? He had ſeen I know not how many Things in *Egypt*: Had he nothing to ſay to *Cyrus*, relating to the Wonders of this Country, which have excited the Curioſity of the greateſt Men of Antiquity?

I hate to ſee a Character in a Work which neither ſpeaks nor acts. Verily, *Araſpes* is a ſtupid Ignoramus, unleſs

† Travels of *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 60.
* Ibid. p. 53.

he be a religious and faithful Pupil of *Pythagoras.* He diſcovers ſome ſlight Alarms, for fear he ſhould loſe the Friendſhip of *Cyrus,* talks next of Fiſh, and that's all he ſays. Are theſe the Features by which we may diſtinguiſh a * *Man that was born for Arms as well as form'd for a Court, and who was qualify'd for every thing both in Peace and War?* When an Author has fix'd the Character of an Hero, ought he not to repreſent him afterwards, conformably to the Idea which he has given of him to the Reader? *Araſpes* would have pleas'd me, or rather, would not have diſoblig'd me, if he had contributed to the Inſtruction of *Cyrus.* Could he not have ſaid, at leaſt, what the Author has thought fit to ſay himſelf, as a grave Hiſtorian?

Another Fault, which I have not yet mention'd, continued the Marchioneſs, is our Author's ſcrupulous Formality in the Journey. *Cyrus* no ſooner comes to a Town, but Mr. *Ramſay* gives a Geographical Deſcription of it, and an Hiſtorical Account of all that he

* *Cyrus* p. 53.

can

can find out in it: Which puts me in mind of a half-witted Author, who, in his Relation of the Journey of the *Spaniſh* Infanta to *France*, gave us a fine Hiſtory of all the Towns ſhe paſſed thro', which was Matter to adorn the *Mercury* for a whole Year. For Example, what has *Cyrus* to do with the Hiſtory of *Anaxandrides* and *Ariſton*, who were both Kings of *Lacedæmon* at the ſame Time? Has the Hero of the Book any Share in their Adventures?

But, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, is there not a vaſt deal of Wit and Genius in thoſe inſtructive Particulars? All the time that *Cyrus* is at *Lacedæmon*, does he not keep up the Port of a Prince with Dignity? He is not a Hero *fictitiouſly* * great: All his Views are turn'd either to Politicks or Arms. 'Tis *Chilo* who gives *Cyrus* a *living Repreſentation* † of the Laws, Manners, and Form of Government of *Lacedæmon* —— I own, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that there are ſome Beauties in this Detail, but really I can't bear to ſee how the Au-

* Preface to the Iſle of Reaſon has *fictitiouſly*.
† *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 211.

thor

thor brings them in. After having told me that the wife *Spartan* was going to diſcourſe with *Cyrus*, I perceive that 'tis Mr. *Ramſay* himſelf who ſpeaks to me, and learnedly deals out the Hiſtory of the Revolutions of *Lacedæmon*, while *Cyrus* is gone to the Council of the *Gerontes*, or old Senators eſtabliſh'd by *Lycurgus*. Is there not a great deal of Art in it? *Chilo* and *Cyrus* don't join Converſation till a long Time after. As for *Araſpes*, he is not to be reckon'd, he is a *ſilent* Prince: But I am vaſtly pleaſed to ſee a young Prince, like *Cyrus*, ſhock'd at thoſe publick Aſſemblies, where the young Girls, *almoſt naked* *, and the Boys probably the ſame, contended for the Prize in Running, Wreſtling, and Dancing. But at the ſame Time I am a little diſturb'd to hear the Philoſopher *Chilo* gravely ſaying, in Defence of this dangerous Cuſtom, that *Lycurgus thought it poſſible to deaden the Fire of voluptuous Deſires, by accuſtoming the Eye ſometimes to thoſe Objects which excite them* †. Is not this Philoſophy ſomewhat cynical?

* *Cyrus* p. 216.
† Ibid. p. 218.

For

For my own Part, reply'd the Chevalier, tho' it ſhould vex you, I maintain that the Moral is very judicious. Don't we every Day ſee Men, who, after having liv'd a long Time like Recluſes from the World, have render'd themſelves ridiculous by their fooliſh Paſſion, as ſoon as they have ſeen pretty Women? If their Eyes had been accuſtom'd to them, they would have ſtood their Charms with more Safety. But in this Part of the Book let us rather conſider the uſeful Laws, the Military Diſcipline, the prudent and auſtere Education of their Children, thoſe Games and Feaſts at which they were both merry and wiſe, and, above all, that problematick Style which ſometimes prevails in the Diſcourſes of *Chilo* and *Cyrus*, and is the more ingenious, becauſe 'tis not dangerous to take either Side of the Problem.

I own, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that I read all that relates to the *Lacedæmonian* Government with a great deal of Pleaſure. But the following is a Paſſage which I don't think juſt: *As all was in common in this Republick,*

Republick, thoſe Vices (that is to ſay Theſts and Robberies) *could have no Place there**. To ſhew the Falſhood of this Reflection, we need only ſuppoſe that one or two Citizens ſhould offer to monopolize the publick Revenues, would not the Robbery in that Caſe be the ſame at *Lacedæmon* as elſewhere? That's a deep thought Criticiſm, reply'd the Chevalier, and you ſpare no Invention to convince me of the Author's abſurd Concluſion, that from the *Commonneſs of all Things at* Lacedæmon, *Vices could not have Place there.* Nevertheleſs he means that this Nation was not like ours, under the Empire of Concupiſcence and Vice, becauſe the † *Principle of Property* was baniſh'd from that virtuous Republick.

But however, continu'd he, you were pleaſed with the Method which the Author took to ſhew his Hero the Military Diſcipline of *Greece*§. 'Tis *Leonidas* who, upon the Road, inſtructs *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* mounted upon two proud Steeds. They ride to

* *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 225.
† *Eſprit des Loix*, Liv. Nou.
§ *Cyrus*, p. 225.

gether

gether into a Plain, where the Troops were aſſembled to paſs in Review before *Cyrus*, and to ſhew him all the Exerciſe in Uſe among the *Greeks*. Mr. *Ramſay* is thoroughly vers'd in the Tacticks, and expreſſes himſelf like a Man that knows every Term in the Heroes Art. I have made a Remark, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that the Author has copied the Deſcription of a real ſerious Battle, in order to give *Cyrus* an inſtructive Idea of Military Exerciſes. *Chilo* has given a *living Repreſentation* of the Laws of *Sparta*; but here * *Leonidas* gives a murderous Repreſentation of the Laws of War: 'They ruſh one againſt another with 'Pikes ported; Each Phalanx advances in 'cloſe Order, Buckler join'd to Buckler, 'Helmet to Helmet, Man to Man; the 'two Bodies attack, mix, fight, break thro' 'each other's Ranks. The Beſieged *ſhower* '*down Stones and Darts.*'——And all this, nevertheleſs, without any Blood ſhed by Mr. *Ramſay*. For, ſays he, in Time of Peace a noble Emulation is kept up in their

* Vol. I. p. 231.

Minds,

Minds, without Enmity, and without ſhedding Blood. But thoſe Warriors muſt have been very dexterous to *ſhower down Stones and Darts*, without killing any-body. I confeſs, reply'd the Chevalier, that the Battle is pretty warm, and that Mr. *Ramſay* might well have ſhed ſome Blood, without knowing or intending it; but in the Deſcription of a Battle, 'tis a hard Matter to keep the Fancy from ſoaring beyond Bounds, and the Tranſition is very eaſy, from a Battle that is *feignedly* * warm, to an Action really bloody. That is as much as to ſay, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that the Author in this Paſſage is like the Children that fight in Jeſt at firſt, and come to down right Blows at laſt.

But, ſhe added, what ſay you of the Adventures of *Periander* King of *Corinth?* Really I can't bear to think that the Interment of that King's Son *Lycophron* ſhould be an Occaſion for the Author's giving us the whole Hiſtory of his Reign. Is it not horribly indecent to make *Procles* the Prince

* *Inſtrument*, the of Reaſon.

of

of *Epidaurus* entertain a violent Paſſion for *Meliſſa*, that is to ſay, his own Daughter? The Author feigns that *Meliſſa* was Heireſs to the Crown of *Arcadia*. Is it tolerable to falſify, to ſuch a Degree, Facts that are ſo notorious, and taken from the moſt common Books? At that time Truth and Falſhood were ſtrangely confounded in his Imagination. But is this keeping to what he promis'd in his Preface? 'The only Li-'berty I have indulged myſelf in, is, to 'throw Circumſtances and Characters into my 'Hiſtorical Epiſodes, to render my Narration 'more inſtructing and affecting.' We may judge of the Circumſtances which the Author has thrown into his Narration by the following. He reports how *Meliſſa* eſcap'd out of her Priſon: 'The Perſon, *ſays he*, 'under whoſe Charge *Procles* had left her, 'offer'd to conduct her to *Corcyra* with her 'Son, and they all Three eſcap'd by a *ſub-'terraneous* Paſſage' Mr. *Ramſay* is very fond of Paſſages under Ground. They always run in his Head, and he knows no other Way of bringing himſelf off, eſpecially when he is to promote the Eſcape of Priſoners. We have already ſeen that he

employ'd a ſubterraneous Paſſage for the Deliverance of *Amenophis* and *Arobal*, however then he told us whither that Paſſage led, whereas here he does not mention it, and only leaves us to gueſs it. But I am obliged to him for the ſuccinct Account he gives us, like a dry Gazetteer, that *Cyrus* went to *Argos*, from *Argos* to *Mycenæ*, from *Mycenæ* to *Sicyon*, from *Sicyon* to *Thebes*: For I ſhould have been ſurfeited, if he had obſerv'd his uſual Method here, and told me every Incident that happen'd in the ſeveral Countries he paſſed thro'.

I applaud that, ſaid the Chevalier, for wiſe and prudent Management, which you are pleas'd to find Fault with. The Author, in regard to *Corinth*, meets with an Hiſtorical Fact, which is capable of Embelliſhment, and makes Choice of it excluſive of others. Is not this acting like a Man of Senſe? I give you up the ſubterraneous Paſſages as nothing more than a Repetition of Ideas, which is not in the Strain of a Philoſopher. But, he added, we are now come to a Paſſage, where I am confident that all your Remarks will be Notes of Admiration.

miration. *Cyrus* arrives at *Athens*; the Scene is open'd by a magnificent Deſcription of the Royal Palace. But, as ill Luck would have it, ſaid the Marchioneſs, Architecture and Sculpture were not come to that Pitch of Perfection in *Solon*'s Time, as the Author ſuppoſes. He carries me to the Age of *Pericles*. What, ſaid the Chevalier, would you eſtimate a Work of this Nature by Chronological Calculations? Nothing could affect me more delicately. But, ſaid he, when *Piſiſtratus* comes to treat of State Affairs, what a Maſter is he of the Style of great Politicians! Who can forbear devoting his Attention to him? This, *Cyrus* does to Perfection, reply'd the Marchioneſs, for the Prince not only devotes his Attention, but ſeems as if he had vow'd Silence. In ſhort, this fourth Book appears to have been form'd entirely after the Model of the former; the Mechaniſm is the ſame; and the Deſcriptions of the Towns, the Hiſtorical Incidents, the Political Maxims, the ſame. *Cyrus* was at *Lacedæmon* to ſee how they fought by Land: He comes to *Athens* to ſee a Sea-Fight, and here the Author is guilty of the

very ſame Fault : * ' The Ships at firſt fall ' back, then advance, and bear down upon ' each other with Fury ; They break and ' ſplit one another with their pointed Beaks, ' tipp'd with Iron. Some run againſt the ' Prow, ſome againſt the Poop, others ' againſt the Sides, while the Ships that are ' attack'd put out their Oars to break the ' Violence of the Shock. The two Fleets ' grapple, and come to cloſe Engagement. ' Here, the Soldiers leap from one Ship to ' another. There they lay Bridges to paſs ' over into the Enemies Veſſels. The Sea ' is already cover'd with Men ſwimming for ' their Lives upon the broken Oars, and the ' Benches of the Rowers.' 'Tis plain that the Author does not know the Value of the *Athenian* Ships, for the *piercing* and *ſplitting of them* gives him no Pain.

May I never hope, ſaid the Chevalier, that you will give the Author ſome Praiſe *free from Exception* † ? Can you refuſe it to that important Detail which he gives of the

* The Paſſage which is Comma'd, tho' quoted exactly from Mr *Ramſay's Travels*, p. 325. is omitted in his *Engliſh*.

† *Part d' Exception* ? Dict. Neol.

Revolu-

Revolutions that happen'd in the Reign of *Piſiſtratus*? This King of *Athens* relates them with ſuch a Grace, and ſuch Ornaments, that 'tis impoſſible not to admire them. The Ladies eſpecially muſt applaud that generous Part, acted by his affectionate Spouſe, who fled, rather than he ſhould be deprived of the Scepter. Yes, ſaid the Marchioneſs, but I fear that ſome abuſive Wit will be apt to paſs an ill-natur'd Joke upon this Retirement of the Princeſs. After all, it does not appear to me that *Piſiſtratus* gives this curious Hiſtory for the Sake of *Cyrus*; for he had already related it to him when he arrived at *Athens*, and probably 'tis for want of Memory that he tires his Gueſt with the nauſeous Repetition: 'During the Regale, the King of *Athens* entertain'd *Cyrus* with an Account of the 'Revolutions which had happen'd in the 'State in his Time, the Cauſes of his Exile 'and Reſtoration, after having been twice 'dethron'd: He artfully painted the Diſ-'orders of a popular Government, that he 'might create an Abhorrence of it.' There's the Sum and Subſtance of the whole Hiſtory of *Piſiſtratus*; and yet he is ſo talkative as

to tell it over again ſome time after to *Cyrus*, who is ſo complaiſant as to hear him out, without putting him in mind that he had told it all to him once before. But the Reader is not obliged to the ſame Indulgence for Mr. *Ramſay*, with whom he has free Leave to find what Fault he thinks fit.

But, ſaid ſhe, who can help being aſtoniſh'd at the Explanation which *Solon* gives to *Cyrus* of Tragedy? The Author indeed makes him treat of this Subject politely, but what he ſays is ſcarce reconcileable with the Hiſtory of the Progreſs of Poetry; and all the fine Precepts which he lays down, are abſolutely miſplac'd. We know that all the Tragedy of thoſe Times was acted in the Fields upon Waggons, by ſorry Buffoons. Mean time *Solon* ſpeaks like a Wit of *Athens*, who had ſeen the Tragedies of *Sophocles* or *Euripides*, or rather thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*: Moreover, I have read in Hiſtory, that this Philoſopher who ſo pathetically deſcribes the Political Springs of Tragical Repreſentations, declar'd himſelf openly againſt *Theſpis* the Poet, the firſt Man

Man that ever wrote Tragedies. Could Mr. *Ramſay* be ignorant of this? I don't find ſo much Fault with the Manner in which *Solon* treats of Epick Poeſy: He was a Poet as well as a Philoſopher; and beſides, *Homer*'s Poems were read at that Time all over *Greece*; but how comes it that *Peiſiſtratus*, who had collected them, and, to be ſure, underſtood them, makes ſo little mention of this Poet, for whom he had ſuch a Value? And as for Mr. *Ramſay*, who was born in a Country where they have not yet thought fit to run him down, much leſs to diſfigure him, what Reaſons could he have to forbear mentioning him with Advantage? Was he fearful of offending any Friend? I had as lief hear *Solon* talk like a Madam *Dacier*, as to ſee him treat upon the Art of Rhetorick, like a *Rollin* or a *Gibert*.

However, ſaid the Chevalier, there's a great deal of Fancy and Delicacy in thoſe Reflections, and I never ſaw *Subjects of Wit* handled with ſo much Art and Solidity. The principal Thing I admire is the Author's Ingenuity, where, under a pleaſing Allegory, he gives us the Preference over other Na-

tions in Works of Wit and Genius: ‘ * I ‘ ſee, ſaid *Cyrus*, that you have finer Senti- ‘ ments than other Nations; that you are ‘ more perfectly acquainted with human ‘ Nature——'Tis for want of Senſibility that ‘ we do not diſtinguiſh, like you, the dif- ‘ ferent Shades of human Thoughts and ‘ Paſſions, and that we are not acquainted ‘ with thoſe ſoft and ſweet Pleaſures which ‘ ariſe from delicate Sentiments.' There's a Panegyrick upon our Nation, which is enough to diſarm Criticiſm. As far as I ſee, reply'd the Marchioneſs, the Author has imparted his Secret to you: However, I never thought that he would have taken a Fancy to give a Character of our modern Wits, eſpecially after I had ſeen the Model he drew for a Philoſophical Poet; tho' I am obliged to him for having told me what he meant by a Poet of this Stamp. At firſt I ſuſpected him of a Deſign to introduce that dull Logick into Poetry, which has flouriſh'd for a Time amongſt us; which calls to my Mind a particular Paſſage in the Book of *Cats*†; the ingenious Author of which Tract ſays ſome-

* *Cyrus*, Vol. I. p. 306.

† This was the Title of a Treatiſe lately publiſh'd in *France*, which was criticiz'd by another whimſical Piece, intitled, *The Cat in a Rat.*

where,

where, that *Ronſard* compos'd a ſorry Piece againſt great Cats, *becauſe the Poet had no Philoſophy.*

As to the Book about *Cats*, do you know, added ſhe, that one might draw a pretty Parallel between the *Cats* and *Cyrus's Travels?* You would ſay it is fooliſh; but theſe are ſome of the Features in which they may be ſaid to be alike. Both Tracts are written with an elegant Brevity, interſpers'd with affected new-coin'd Phraſes, full of Learning and Mythology, and back'd with the Recommendation of ſeveral Wits of the Age in which they were written. Both were exceſſively applauded, before they ſaw the Light, and both have had the Favour of Reverend Patrons. Invention and Genius are the View in both. The *Cats*, indeed, died at the Birth, but the *Cyrus* is ſtill alive. All Mankind is agreed as to the firſt, but as to the ſecond they are divided. Meſſieurs *M.* and *R.* have put both the antient and modern Authors under Contribution. The Author of the *Cats* always quotes; the Author of *Cyrus* but ſeldom, for Reaſons which he knows, and which I ſhall endeavour to

be Maſter of. The *Cats* no ſooner popp'd their Heads out of the Bookſellers Warehouſe, but the *Calotin* Rat thought fit to fall upon 'em. The *Cyrus* has no need to be criticis'd, at leaſt, they ſay that the Author and his illuſtrious Friends think ſo, tho' every-body elſe wiſhes it.

Juſt as the Chevalier was going to draw another Parallel between theſe two Books, Word was brought of the Arrival of the Abbat *de* ***, an intimate Friend of the Marchioneſs. She was impatient to ſee him, becauſe he was a Man of fine Learning, a ſolid Taſte, and one that was likely to give her a great deal of Light into the *Cyrus*. This Abbat, who knew Mr. *Ramſay*, had a great Eſteem for his Perſon, but little for his Performance, and read its Doom as ſoon as it came out of the Preſs. He is now ſorry to ſee his Prophecy accompliſh'd, but as he is a Lover of Truth, he is ſo far from acting like ſome of the Author's Friends, that he freely ſays what he thinks of his Book, being convinc'd that the Progreſs of Learning and Judgment depends on the judicious and ſincere Criticiſm of polite Writings.

CON-

CONVERSATIONS UPON THE TRAVELS OF CYRUS.

The FOURTH CONVERSATION.

THE Moment that Word was brought to the Marchioneſs, that the Abbat *de* * * * was arrived, ſhe put a Trick upon the Chevalier, by making him believe, that this Abbat, to whom he was an entire Stranger, was a zealous Stickler for the Wits *a la Mode*, and that, probably, he was one of the Admirers of the *Cyrus*. The Chevalier

Chevalier ſeem'd overjoy'd at it, and thought that with ſuch a Reinforcement he could defend the Second Volume againſt all Oppoſition, if the Marchioneſs was inclin'd to continue the Diſpute. He even hop'd, that he ſhould force her to confeſs, that notwithſtanding her Cenſure, the *Cyrus*, in the general, was an excellent Book, and not a bit the worſe for the Fault ſhe found with it. With this Expectation he made it his Study to gain the Abbat's good Opinion, paid him a thouſand fine Compliments, and his Zeal for the *Cyrus* was as induſtrious as if he had been the Author of it. Which cannot be ſurprizing, becauſe we daily ſee Perſons ſo prepoſſeſſed in favour of celebrated Writers, as to eſpouſe their Sentiments and Intereſts, to defend them againſt Criticiſm, to rail at their Cenſurers, to ſollicit Advocates, and to form a ſort of Aſſociation and Confederacy againſt the general Taſte of the Publick.

The Chevalier therefore, not doubting to find the Abbat of his Opinion, with reſpect to the *Travels of Cyrus*, only waited for a proper Opportunity to turn the Converſation upon

upon that Subject. But the Abbat ſav'd him that Trouble, by telling the Marchioneſs, that he had met with a philoſophical kind of Maſquerade upon the Road, much like that of the *Archimagus Zoroaſter*. You ſee, Madam, the Abbat added, with a Smile, that from *Paris* to this Place, which is but ten Leagues, I have had more Intrigues than *Cyrus*, who had not ſo much as one in all his tedious Travels. Is it poſſible for a Man of Wit and Taſte, and a *Sectary* of *Cyrus*, * reply'd the Chevalier, to compare a Tour for Pleaſure with a Journey for the Sake of Philoſophy and Politicks, a Journey from which *agreeable Trifling* † is baniſhed, and in which the Imagination cannot but excite ſolid Joys to pleaſe the Mind? The Abbat was juſt going to anſwer, and to ſhew that he was far from being a *Sectary* of *Cyrus*, when the Marchioneſs tipp'd the Wink upon him, which engag'd him afterwards, in complaiſance to the Chevalier, to change his Note.

* *Sectaire de Cyrus*, Dict. Neologiq.
† *Cyrus*'s Travels, Vol. I. p. 7.

Really,

Really, *M. l'Abbé,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, had you been but with us within this Day or two paſt, you would have been not a little mortify'd to ſee how I diſſected the whole firſt Volume of the *Cyrus*, before this poor Gentleman: I have ſome Remorſe, ſhe added, for having ſower'd him ſo much, therefore I give you Leave to join him, in commending the Work, and won't put in a Word, unleſs it be, perhaps, to ask a Queſtion. That is perfectly right, Madam, ſaid the Chevalier. I ſuſpect that the *Cyrus* is *no longer inveſted with your Hatred* *, and that you have now ſome Bowels for him: Mean time, *M. l'Abbé* ſhall have all the Honour of your Converſion. I deſire nothing more, provided you do but beſtow the higheſt Encomiums, to attone for the Cenſures which you have unmercifully laid upon the *Cyrus*.

Verily, ſaid the Abbat, the Book deſerves a vaſt Commendation. What I chiefly took Notice of in it, ſaid he, is the natural Delicacy of the Tranſitions. The Generality of

* *Inveſti de votre haine.* Abbe *du Pont*'s Diſſertation on Epick Poetry.

Authors

Authors ſtudy to connect their Matter 'till they ſweat. But Mr. *Ramſay*, unwilling that his Writings ſhould appear with the Marks of Art and Labour, diſclaims ſuch Affectation: A *Nevertheleſs* and a *But* are repeated, *à propos*, in every Page, and nicely connect almoſt every Subject he treats of; ſo that his Tranſitions are as free as any in *la Bruyere*. I alſo admire the conſtant indefatigable Zeal of the Author, to entertain his Hero always with the ſame Articles, Religion, Philoſophy, and Politicks. Tho' *Cyrus* makes eight ſeveral Journeys, yet there is ſuch an exact Correſpondence and Reſemblance between them, that they all ſeem to be but one. To contrive ſuch a juſt Proportion abſolutely requires a projecting Brain.

Mr. *Ramſay* himſelf, reply'd the Chevalier, could not give his Work a handſomer Character. How ſorry am I that you were not here when we examin'd the Firſt Volume! But 'tis my Comfort, that now we ſhall, undoubtedly, oblige Madam to confeſs, that in the remaining Part of the Book, the Author has exalted his Genius to a higher Pitch,

Pitch, and that he is above all manner of Criticiſm. The Temple of *Crete*, where *Cyrus* and *Araſpes* met the great *Pythagoras*, the Allegorical Account of the three States of the World, and above all, that Philoſopher's Diſpute with *Anaximander*, are happy and tranſcendent Paſſages, which captivate the Admiration of an attentive Reader.

Truly, reply'd the Abbat, who can but admire, for inſtance, the marvellous Skill of the Author, in appropriating to himſelf all the Diſcoveries, made by his extenſive and profound Knowledge in the celebrated Authors, both of his own Nation and ours? Read but the *Intellectual Syſtem of the Univerſe*, by Mr. *Cudworth*, ſo happily abridg'd in ſeveral Volumes of the *Bibliotheque choiſie*, and you will ſee that Mr. *Ramſay* has recourſe to good Originals with Advantage, and that he has ſuch a happy Talent of ſelecting and connecting Paſſages from the ſeveral ancient Authors, learnedly quoted by that *Engliſh* Writer, that he ſeems to have ſpent his whole Life in peruſing and collecting them ſo gloriouſly as he does,

in

in his *Diſcourſe upon Mythology*. No wonder the Publick is charm'd with the agreeable Fable of a ſecond *Hermes* brought up by a She-Goat; for not one good Piece written by his Country-men has eſcap'd him, and he had read in the Life of *Hai-Ebn-Yokdham*, tranſlated out of *Arabick* into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Ockley*, that this *Indian*, who was nouriſhed by a Hind in a Foreſt, perfected his Reaſon by Degrees, like to *Hermes*, and attain'd of himſelf, without any Aſſiſtance, to the ſublimeſt Diſcoveries in Philoſophy. The Hiſtory of this *Indian* makes an entire Book, which has been of very great Service to Mr. *Ramſay*. But this ingenious Gentleman knows alſo our choice *French* Books, and eſpecially the *Univerſal Hiſtory* of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, for which he has ſuch a Veneration, that he has thought fit to fill fourteen Pages of his Book with one of the fineſt Paſſages in that Hiſtory, almoſt without any Variation. * The Author's laudable Attachment to the late Archbiſhop of *Cambray* was alſo a kind of Injunction upon him, to inſert in his Book

* See *Cyrus* Vol. I. from p. 157. to 179. and Vol. II. p. 176.

ſeveral of the Archbiſhop's Thoughts and Expreſſions in his *Telemachus*, and to ſhew the World how well he was acquainted both with the Mind and Writings of his illuſtrious Maſter.

Nor has Mr. *Ramſay* forgot his own dear ſelf; for after having copy'd or imitated the Great Authors with ſo much Art and Judgment, he thought he might ſurely take the ſame Freedom with *himſelf*, and not ſcruple to repeat *himſelf*, for the Good of the Publick, in an important Book, which was like to be much more talk'd of than all he had publiſh'd before. For inſtance, compare only *Page* 20, *&c.* to *Page* 25. of *Vol.* II. with the Second Part of the *Philoſophical Diſcourſe* of pure Love, which is at the End of M. *Fenelon*'s Life (of the *Hague* Edition, in 1723. but omitted in the *Bruſſels* Edition in 1725.) You will find him an Author always firm, conſtant, and unſhaken in his favourite Principles; an Author, who rather than miſs an Opportunity of expoſing them in their full Luſtre, did not think an Anachroniſm any Objection to his putting two ancient Philoſophers, ſuch as *Anaximander*

mander and *Pythagoras*, in the Diſguiſe of modern Diſputants. For I don't believe that either *Anaximander* or *Pythagoras* ever thought of *Pure Love* any more than the *Magi*, who, according to the Author, attack'd this Doctrine abſurdly. Theſe are ingenious and ſublime Fictions, for which we are oblig'd to his Zeal and beautiful Imagination.

The Marchioneſs then interrupted the Abbat, to ask him, If Mr *Ramſay* had always faithfully quoted the fine Paſſages which he had ſo familiarly borrow'd from the ſeveral Authors? No, Madam, anſwer'd the Abbat, that would have been a vain Diſplay of affected Learning, which he modeſtly choſe to avoid. And that he might lie under no Reproach upon this Article, and that nobody might complain, he has wiſely avoided to quote Himſelf, whenever he repeats Himſelf *verbatim*. After all, he deſerves to be commended for his Ingenuity, in putting ſeveral cunning Objections in the Mouth of *Anaximander* the Philoſopher, which he had formerly ſtated himſelf to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, and for reinforcing

them with many other Arguments taken from *Cudworth*'s Book *.

The Chevalier ſeem'd ſomewhat confounded at the Praiſes which the Abbat gave the Author of *Cyrus*, and really did not know whether he had beſt applaud the Abbat or contradict him, join with him or ſtand upon the Defenſive; however, he thought fit to put in a Word. What you ſaid laſt, reply'd he to the Abbat, might in one Senſe be deem'd ſolid and delicate: But I would fain add ſome Reaſons, that, I think, as ſtrong as yours, which way ſoever you underſtand them. Surely ſo learned a Man as *Cudworth*, cou'd only *let out his Field to Mr.* Ramſay *to clear it* †, and 'tis not poſſible that a Man, ſtuck out with *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and Oriental Learning, could ever invent the fine Things that are contain'd in *Cyrus*. *Ockley*'s Book is a foreign Piece, to us unknown; conſequently Mr. *Ramſay* had ſufficient Warrant to transfer the Subſtance of it into our Language, and into his Work, without being oblig'd to make a Diſcovery

* See the Life of M. *de Fenelon*, by Mr. *Ramſay*.

† *Prêter ſon champ pour le défricher.* Dict. Neologiq.

of

of ſo little Moment; to the *French*, as to tell from whence he took it. As to the fourteen Pages taken *verbatim*, from the *Univerſal Hiſtory* of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, may we not ſay that it has happen'd to this Man, from a prodigious Effort of Application to his Subject, as it did ſome Years ago to a great Poet, who had thrown a celebrated Verſe out of *Corneille* into one of his Tragedies, and to excuſe his Theft, ſaid, *He was forc'd to it by the Nature of his Subject* *. As to thoſe Paſſages out of M. *Fenelon's* Life, which Mr. *Ramſay* has ſuppreſs'd in the Second Edition of this Book, and made Uſe of in the *Cyrus*, it would be unjuſt to reproach him with being a Plagiary of Himſelf. Who knows but he omitted and ſuppreſs'd them in that Second Edition on purpoſe to bring them in here? Theſe are *precious Shreds* †, replac'd in their natural Texture.

Be this as it will, you muſt own, ſaid the Chevalier, that the Diſpute betwixt *Anaxi-*

* Preface to *Ines de Caſtro*. No Affront is intended by this to *M. D. L. M.* for one Poet may eaſily claime in the ſame Verſe with another.

† *Precieux lambeaux*. Dict. Neologiq.

mander and *Pythagoras* is nicely work'd up. *Anaximander* talks like an impious, raſh Philoſopher, and *Pythagoras* confounds him. Incredulity is here attack'd in its laſt Intrenchment. What Horror! what Wonder ſeizes the Mind in the Heat of the Diſpute, to hear the Thunder rattle, and to ſee the Lightning juſt ready to blaſt the Atheiſtical Philoſopher! That's true, ſaid the Marchioneſs, but does not this Fiction ſeem a little too Theatrical?

Et le Songe finit par un coup de tonnerre.
i. e.
And the Dream vaniſhes in a Clap of Thunder.

Anaximander, frighten'd at the Noiſe of the Thunder, ſays, *he believes, but that he is not yet enlighten'd; that his Heart is touch'd*, but *his Underſtanding is not yet convinc'd*. Mean time, as ſoon as the Thunder ceaſes to roar, he *believes* no *longer*, his Heart is no *longer touch'd*; his Impiety increaſes, and he puſhes his Atheiſm to a Degree of Extravagance. Really he ſeems to me like a Criminal upon the Rack, who is forc'd by the Torments to own what his

his Executioner would have him, and afterwards denies every Word that he declar'd. In ſhort, I confeſs to you, that the whole Diſpute is vaſtly diſagreeable to me; *Anaximander* I abhor, and *Pythagoras* I pity.

But, I beſeech you, continued the Marchioneſs, let us talk no more of this odious Paſſage, but rather hear *Cyrus*, who begins to have ſome Judgment, and makes it appear by his critical Deſcant upon the Governments of *Egypt*, *Athens*, and *Lacedæmon*. *Pythagoras* afterwards acquaints him of the Laws of *Minos*, and of the ſeveral Revolutions that happen'd in the Iſle of *Crete*; but how ſuperficial and wild is it all! Ah! Madam, reply'd the Abbat, you ought rather to commend Mr. *Ramſay*'s Caution, who was not willing to ſhew himſelf M. *Fenelon*'s Rival. Read but the two Books of *Telemachus*, you will conceive a noble Idea of the Legiſlature of *Crete*. As to the Hiſtorical Facts, the Prelate had already mention'd the moſt conſiderable Events. Conſequently Mr. *Ramſay* durſt not ſo much as venture at an Imitation of 'em; ſuch Experiments being not always made with Succeſs.

But, ſurely Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, you approve of the Reflections made by *Cyrus* and *Araſpes*; you will no longer reproach them for being Mutes. How ingeniouſly are the various Shades diſpos'd, which appear in that fine Contraſt of the different Characters of the *Greeks* and the *Egyptians!* But, reply'd the Marchioneſs, are thoſe Characters natural and juſt? Are they not deſcrib'd in the modern Way, and painted according to the preſent Taſte? It would be merry to ſee *Egyptians* and *Greeks* wearing Hats and Perukes.

Here the Abbat interrupted the Marchioneſs, to ask her if ſhe had read Mr. *Ramſay*'s Life of M. *Fenelon*. Yes, ſhe ſaid, and I have it in my Cloſet. The Abbat, with her Ladyſhip's Leave, went for it, and read out of it what follows; * 'The *Greeks* had 'not that Art which the Moderns have, of 'methodizing their Arguments, in conduct-'ing them by Degrees, from ſimple Princi-'ples to more compounded Ideas, and pur-'ſuing the Truth in all its Relations, by a

* Pag. 161. of the *Amſterdam* Edition.

Geome-

'Geometrical Connection.' You ſee, ſaid the Abbat, what Mr. *Ramſay* thinks of it here. Now mind what he ſays of it in his *Cyrus*; 'The *Greeks*, ſays he, † know how 'to come at hidden Truths, by a Chain of '*known* and *eaſy* Truths. That ingenious 'Method of ranging each Idea in its proper 'Place, of leading the Mind by Degrees 'from the moſt ſimple Truths, to the moſt 'compounded, with Order, Perſpicuity, and 'Brevity, is a Secret known to them!' It muſt be confeſs'd, that Mr. *Ramſay* can, when needs muſt, and whenever he pleaſes, forbear to repeat or reſemble *himſelf*. Beſides, thoſe *Greeks*, who, according to him, ſurpaſs the *Egyptians* in Matters relating to Geometry and Philoſophy, are the very Men, who *prefer the agreeable Kinds of Knowledge to abſtract Ideas, and the Arts of Imitation to nice Speculation*; * that is to ſay, they excell in Things of which they make little Account. What delicate Praiſe is this!

† *Cyrus* Vol. II. p. 59.
* Ibid. p. 57.

This is not all, ſaid the Chevalier, for in this Parallel of the *Greeks* with the *Chaldæans* and *Egyptians*, there is a very obliging Alluſion. By the *Greeks* are to be underſtood the *French*, and by the *Egyptians* the *Engliſh*. Was it not an Act of Generoſity and Politeneſs in Mr. *Ramſay*, to make his Hero an Advocate for the *French*, and to leave the under Part, *viz.* the Defence of the *Engliſh*, to *Araſpes*? I queſtion, reply'd the Marchioneſs, whether we are ſo much oblig'd to him for having made us *Greeks*; I ſhould have lik'd it full as well if he had made us *Egyptians*. Their *Original Genius*; the Invention of Arts; their Diſcoveries in Natural Philoſophy and the Mechanicks; is not all this better than what the Author allows to the *Greeks*? 'Tis true, that he gives theſe the Preference, with reſpect to the Mathematicks; but what's the Reaſon of this Preference? Who does not know that the *Chaldæans* and the *Egyptians* were the firſt and the profoundeſt Mathematicians in the World? Madam, reply'd the Abbat, I am aſſur'd that there's a different Turn given to this Paſſage, in the Edition which Mr. *Ramſay* publiſh'd of his Book in *Engliſh*.

Engliſh. Therefore, as the Author's ſole Aim has been to praiſe and to pleaſe, he ought to be forgiven every thing for the Sake of his Politeneſs.

Yes, undoubtedly, reply'd the Chevalier, becauſe Mr. *Ramſay* did not compoſe his Work either for the *Greeks* or the *Egyptians*, but for us, that is to ſay, for our Pleaſure and for our Inſtruction. This, probably, is the Reaſon, ſaid the Abbat, why we find ſo many Allegories and Alluſions in the *Cyrus*. 'Tis rumour'd at *Paris*, that as Mademoiſelle *Scudery* has painted all the Citizens of her Quarter of the Town in her *Clelia*, ſo Mr. *Ramſay*, who has a more exalted Genius, has, after her Example, given us the Characters of all his illuſtrious Friends. This is true, ſaid the Chevalier, and it may be ſaid, that as he has repreſented the *Greeks*, that is to ſay, the *French*, as profound Geometricians, 'tis becauſe he has the Advantage to be acquainted with the moſt celebrated, and the moſt judicious Calculators, who are alſo my Friends, and with whom I have made a great Progreſs in the Art of Logick. For, upon my Faith, nothing

thing can be brought to Perfection, not even an Epigram, without Geometry. This is our grand Principle, and we affirm, that *Corneille* and *Racine* were Geometricians.

The Marchioneſs and the Abbat could not help ſmiling at this extravagant Notion. The Chevalier proceeded thus. The Time is come at laſt, when you muſt give me leave, Madam, to triumph in my Turn. Here's the Seventh Book of the *Cyrus*; ſuffer me to exclaim with Admiration, at the Sight of this Maſter-piece. What a wonderful Variety is here! The magnificent Deſcription of *Tyre*; *Amenophis* found again; *Aroba!* upon the Throne; the Diſſertation upon Commerce; the Return of *Cyrus* into *Perſia*; the Death of *Mandana*; the Character of an artful Miniſter; the Victory gain'd by *Cyrus* over the *Medes*; the Political and Military Virtues of this Hero——This Seventh Book, ſaid the Marchioneſs, interrupting him, has given me as much Pleaſure as you. But what do you think of it, *M. l'Abbé?* This Part of the *Cyrus*, ſaid he, is the more Praiſe-worthy, in my Opinion, becauſe Mr. *Ramſay*, in his Deſcription of *Tyre*,

Tyre, has modeſtly obſerv'd an Inferiority to *M. de Fenelon*, who has treated of the ſame Subject ſo happily, that his not having done it ſo well as he, cannot give much Pain. Mr. *Ramſay* has, in the general, taken his pure Ideas upon the Head of Commerce, and, for the Sake of throwing in ſomething of his own *, he has artfully alluded to the Tranſactions in our Country ſome Years ago, upon Occaſion of that commonly call'd the *Scheme*, which ſurely was never known to the *Tyrians* nor any of the Antients. Upon this Plan he aſcribes to the *Perſians* a Skill in Military Affairs, which they never had †. The *Perſians*, ſays the Biſhop of *Meaux* §, knew not what belong'd to the drawing up of Troops in an Army, nor to Marches or Encampments; All that they knew of the Matter, was, to gather a vaſt Number of Men together, who went reſolutely to Battle, but without any Order. There is more Art, he added, than is imagin'd, in thus modernizing the Antients; for then we are not ſervilely confin'd to the Ideas of Antiquity.

* *Cyrus*'s Travels, Vol. II. p. 86.
† Ibid. p. 119.
§ Diſcourſe upon the Hiſtory, p. 549.

There

There is no Fault to be found with Mr. *Ramſay*, reply'd the Marchioneſs, in reſpect to the Deſcription of *Babylon*. *M. Prideaux*, who always copies his Hiſtorians faithfully, was his Guide, and becauſe he is ſo exact, I forgive him for that poor Piece of Vanity in his quoting *Herodotus*, *Diodorus* of *Sicily*, and *Quintus Curtius* *. He thought that thoſe ſly Quotations would excuſe him from acknowledging how much he was obliged to the Reſearches of that Learned Doctor. The Genius of the Author, reply'd the Chevalier, is too delicate, and too ſublime, to be a dry Compiler only; he aſpires to the Glory of Invention and Wit. Is any Thing, for Inſtance, more ingeniouſly contriv'd than the Viſit which *Cyrus* pays, in Company with *Eleazar*, to King *Nebuchadonoſor*, who ran mad, thought himſelf transform'd into a Wild Beaſt, and wander'd among the Woods and Mountains? They both ſet out upon the Sabbath-Day in the Morning, becauſe that was the only Day upon which the King of *Babylon* had any Intervals of Reaſon.

* *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 130.

You

You do but jeſt, reply'd the Marchioneſs, I ſhould ſooner believe in *Mythras* and *Arimanius*, the *Coſmogoges*, the *Amilictes*, and all the extravagant Conceits of *Zoroaſter*, than imagine that ſuch a Rabbi as *Eleazar* would go abroad upon a Sabbath-Day. How does it ſuit, I beſeech you, with *Nebuchadonoſor*, who had loſt his Reaſon, to have twelve Verſes put into his Mouth, taken Word for Word out of the Book of *Wiſdom*? What ſignifies this, Madam, ſaid the Chevalier abruptly? Admire rather the ſublime Speech which the Rabbi makes to *Cyrus*. Thoſe Things are quite out of my Sphere, reply'd the Marchioneſs, and I very much queſtion whether the Generality of my Sex, that are Admirers of Mr. *Ramſay*, underſtand any Thing of the Matter. Excepting ſome Rabbinical Particulars, ſaid the Abbat, all that *Eleazar* has deliver'd concerning Liberty, and Natural and Moral Evil, is common to our Schools; but here the Subjects are treated with Elegance and Accuracy.

Oh! that magnificent Paſſage, cry'd the Chevalier; oh! that Divine Invention which appears

appears in *Cyrus*'s Converſation with *Daniel*! That Prophet, the Eccho of *Moſes*, and of other Writers of Sacred Hiſtory, draws an admirable Plan here of God's Dealings with his choſen People! He reports the moſt celebrated Facts of that Diſpenſation, in order to convert *Cyrus*——This Paſſage is the more beautiful, ſaid the Abbat, interrupting him, becauſe 'tis a faithful Abſtract of the Beginning of the ſecond Part of the *Diſcourſe upon Univerſal Hiſtory*. Mr. *Ramſay*, by uſing the very Expreſſions of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, makes amends for not quoting him. But how comes it to paſs, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that *Cyrus*, who, when with the *Magi*, made no Scruple to attend at their Prayers and Oblations, has no Curioſity here to enter into the Synagogue? I could wiſh he had become a *Jew*; but the very Reverſe happens to him, of what *Anaximander* experienc'd, who *believ'd without being inlighten'd**, *whoſe Heart was touch'd, but his Underſtanding not yet convinc'd*; whereas Cyrus *only ſees the Truth thro' a Miſt, and his Underſtanding is inlighten'd, tho' his Heart is not yet touch'd.*

* *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 32.

After ſome Converſation upon this particular Contraſt, the Marchioneſs turn'd to the Abbat, and ſaid to him, *M. l'Abbé*, declare your real Sentiments, and keep on the Mask no longer, for you have now ſhewn Complaiſance enough to the Chevalier. Tell us frankly what you think of the Diſcourſe upon *Mythology*, which is the Ground-Work of Mr. *Ramſay*'s Book. The Chevalier is too much a Gentleman to be offended with Freedom in his Company. The Chevalier bow'd his Head, and the Abbat ſpoke as follows:

Undoubtedly, Madam, you have obſerv'd that Mr. *Ramſay*'s View in compoſing his Book, was, in the firſt Place, to ſhew ' * that the Philoſophers of all Ages, and ' of all Countries, had a Notion of a ' Supreme Deity, *diſtinct and different from* ' *Matter*.' But I can't conceive how the Author came to advance this Paradox. Without quoting *Leucippus* and *Democritus*, who affirm'd that every Thing was form'd by a fortuitous Concourſe of Atoms, deſtitute of any Quality, has not he himſelf brought

* Diſcourſe of the Theology, p. 2.

the

the Philoſopher *Anaximander* upon the Stage, who, by his own Confeſſion, own'd no other Deity but infinite Matter without Intelligence? What Contradiction is this!

In the ſecond Place, the Author pretends *to have found, in the Theology of all Nations, Traces of* * *the principal Doctrines of Reveal'd Religion, with regard to the Three States of Nature. Theſe Diſcoveries,* according to him, *were but imperfect Traces, and chance Rays of the Tradition of the* Hebrews †. Upon this, 'tis remarkable that thoſe *Rays* proceeded from a very weak Light. For the Doctrine of the *Three States*, tho' reveal'd in the Scriptures, was only known to a few of the *Jews*, and God's peculiar People in general had no very diſtinct Ideas upon that Head; § conſequently the *Pagans* muſt have known much leſs of it. Moreover, what, for Inſtance, has the Tradition of the *Hebrews* in common with the Doctrine of the wicked Principle call'd *Arimanius*, taught by *Zoroaſter*, in order to

* Diſcourſe of the Theology, p. 2.

† *Cyrus*, Vol. II. p. 192.

§ Manners of the *Iſraelites*, p. 235. Edit. 1701. Univerſal Hiſtory, p. 321.

give

give a groſs Explanation of the Cauſe of Phyſical and Moral Evil?

Yet *Zoroaſter*'s Doctrine, according to the Author, is a chance Ray ſhot from the Tradition of the *Hebrews*. Really this is incomprehenſible.

In the third Place, I have obſerv'd that the Author only takes the Doctrines of the antient Philoſophers by Bits and Scraps, and that he makes it his Study to draw ſerious Conſequences from Poetical Images and Platonick Proſopopœias.

Fourthly, all the Philoſophical Part of Mr. *Ramſay*'s Work, forms a monſtrous Medley of contradictory Ideas and Opinions that deſtroy one another.

In the fifth Place, the Quotations are often falſe, * and ſometimes Mr. *Ramſay* takes

* The Learned *M. Citeronnier* publickly affirms, that the *Greek* Paſſages are wrong quoted, for which we refer to him. And as to the *Latin* Paſſages, one cannot well be ſure that Mr. *Ramſay* has been exact. Of this the Reader may judge, by comparing two Places, which juſt now occur. The one is in the 33d Page of the *Theology of the Antients*, 'Tis a celebrated Paſſage out of *Lucan*,

takes the Liberty of tacking together the ſeparate Phraſes of an Author †, in order to make his own Text all of a-piece, and to accommodate it to his particular Views.

In the ſixth Place, what relates to the Politicks of *Athens* and *Lacedæmon*, is taken from *M. de Tourreil*'s Hiſtorical Preface to his Tranſlation of *Demoſthenes*, of which

where he puts Words into the Mouth of *Cato*. That Philoſophical Hero came far ſhort of ſuch pure Notions of the Deity, as thoſe which that Author aſcribes to him: Of which we may judge by the Verſe that immediately follows the Quotation:

Jupiter eſt quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris.

Signifying that *Jupiter* fills all Places, the Earth, the Sea, the Air, the Heavens.

The other Paſſage is at the 39th Page. Mr. *Ramſay* there quotes a Paſſage from *Cicero*'s *Treatiſe of Old Age*, to ſhew that the *Soul is not a God, but an Eternal Being*. This is the *Latin* Text: *Audiebam Pythagoram - - - unquam dubitaſſe quin ex univerſâ mente divinâ delibatos animos haberemus.* i. e. I heard that *Pythagoras* never ſo much as doubted that our Minds were ſprung from the Univerſal Divine Mind. *M. Dubois* tranſlates it thus, p. 105 of the Edition in 12° in 1708. Do not we know that *Pythagoras* never doubted that our Souls were only Portions of that Univerſal Intelligence which we call God? He tells us, in a Note, that this Philoſopher had not the firſt Notion of a Spiritual Subſtance.

† Of this there's a notable Inſtance in Page 65. where Mr. *Ramſay* quotes a Paſſage, which he ſays he took from *Cicero*'s *Treatiſe of Conſolation*; 'Tis plain that Mr. *Ramſay* ſaves himſelf the Trouble of conſulting Authorities: If he had read that Treatiſe, he would have found, by ſeveral Idioms, that it was compoſed by an *Italian*, as is agreed by the Learned; the Expreſſions of which *Italian* that Author has ſo happily blended, that tho' the Paſſage begins at Page 4116, of a very ſmall Edition in Octavo, and concludes at Page 4118. yet he has made but two ſhort Pages of it. He ought to have given Notice of the Liberty he took to make Quotations after his own Fancy.

Vol. X. Cic. *Italian*, by *Verbage* in Octavo.

Mr.

Mr. *Ramſay* ſometimes borrows the very Expreſſions. As to the Style, I ſhould never have done were I to reveal all his Thefts. 'Tis not he that writes, but *M. de Fenelon*, the Biſhop of *Meaux*, *M. de Tourreil*, *&c.* Never was ſuch Patch-Work known. I can't imagine how the Author could take a Pleaſure in the humble Task of tranſcribing and collecting ſuch a Number of Phraſes out of different Authors.

By what the Abbat ſaid laſt, the Chevalier was confirm'd in the Suſpicion he had before begun to entertain, that what he had declar'd in Favour of *Cyrus* at firſt, was but a Series of Irony. He was then convinc'd that the Abbat had but little Eſteem for the Book, and that he deſpis'd it even more than the Marchioneſs did. Therefore finding his Cauſe too weak, he gave over all Thoughts of diſputing farther, and next Day took his Leave, and haſten'd back to *Paris*, in Hopes of getting Solutions of all thoſe Objections that had been made to him, being, moreover, determin'd to retain the ſame Veneration as ever for Mr. *Ramſay*'s celebrated Performance.

Mr. *RAMSAY*'s INGENIOUS IMITATIONS.

Travels of CYRUS, Vol. I. p. 157.

IT ſeldom rains in *Egypt*: But the *Nile*, which waters it by its regular Overflowings, ſupplies it with the Rains, and melted Snows of other Countries. An infinite Number of Canals were cut croſs it, in order to multiply ſo uſeful a River. The *Nile* carries Fruitfulneſs every where with its Waters, makes a Communication between the Cities, joins the

The Biſhop of *Meaux*'s Diſcourſe upon *Univerſal Hiſtory*, p. 516.

IT ſeldom rains in Egypt: *But this River* (*the* Nile) *which waters the whole Country by its regular Overflowings, brings it the Rains and melted Snows of other Countries. To multiply ſo uſeful a River, an infinite Number of Canals of an incredible Length and Breadth are cut croſs the Country. The* Nile *carries Fruitfulneſs every where with*

the Great Sea with the Red Sea, and by that Means maintains both Foreign and Domeſtick Commerce.

Page 158.

The Cities, which had been raiſed by immenſe Labours, appear'd like Iſlands in the Midſt of the Waters, and with Joy beheld all the Plains overflow'd and fertiliz'd by that beneficent River. When it ſwell'd too much, great Baſons, made on Purpoſe, ſtretch'd their vaſt Boſoms to receive thoſe fructifying Waters, which were let looſe, or ſhut up by Sluices, as Occaſion requir'd. Such was the Uſe of the Lake *Meris*, dug by one of the antient Kings

its wholeſome Waters, makes a Communication between the Cities, joins the Great Sea with the Red Sea, and maintains both Foreign and Domeſtick Commerce.

Page 518.

Cities raiſed by immenſe Labours, and ſtanding up like Iſlands in the Midſt of the Waters, with Joy look'd down upon all the Plains, overflow'd and fertiliz'd by the Nile. *When it ſwells beyond Meaſure, great Lakes, dug by the Kings, ſtretch'd their Baſons to receive the Inundation. Theſe had their Outlets too for the Purpoſe, by great Sluices, which were open'd or ſhut as Occaſion requir'd, and the Waters were drawn off, after having lain upon the Soil*

juſt

Kings of *Egypt*, whose Name it bore. Its Circuit was 180 Leagues.

'Mr. *Ramsay* has 'been so just to his 'Original, that, to his 'Praise be it spoken, 'he has copied the Bi- 'shop of *Meaux*'s Er- 'ror. *Herodotus* and '*Strabo* say, that the 'Lake *Meris* was 1800 'Furlongs, which in 'the whole makes 75 'Leagues, at the rate 'of 8 Furlongs to the 'Mile, and 3 Miles 'to the League.'

P. 159.

It was not a single Palace, but twelve magnificent Palaces regularly dispos'd. *Three thousand* Chambers, which had a Communication by Terrasses, were ranged round twelve Halls, and whoever enter'd there without a Guide, could

just long enough to fatten it. Such was the Use of that great Lake, called the Lake of Myris, *or* Mœris, *from the Name of the King who caused it to be dug. 'Tis amazing to read what is nevertheless certain, that its Circuit was about* 180 French *Leagues.*

P. 523.

But it was not so much a single Palace, *as twelve magnificent Palaces regularly disposed, and communicating with one another.* Fifteen hundred *Chambers, with Terrasses between them, were ranged round twelve Halls,*

could never find his Way out. There were as many Buildings under Ground, and these were allotted for the burial Places of their Kings.

P. 161, *&c.*

He found that the *Egyptian* Priests had compiled their History of an unbounded Succession of Ages. They took a Pleasure in losing themselves in that infinite Abyss of Duration, when *Osiris* govern'd Mankind himself.

P. 167.

In this Age liv'd the second *Hermes*, called *Trismegistus*. He was the Restorer of the antient Religion. He collected the Laws and Sciences of the first *Mercury*, in Forty-two

and whoever went in to view them, could never find his Way out. There were as many Buildings under Ground, and those were allotted for the burial Places of their Kings.

P. 516.

The Priests, who compiled the History of Egypt *of that unbounded Succession of Ages, delighted to lose themselves in that infinite Abyss of Time, which seem'd to bring them near to Eternity.*

P. 515, 516.

The Inventors of Things useful, receiv'd in their Life-time, and after Death, Rewards worthy of their Labours. This it was that consecrated the Books of their two Mercuries, *and made them*

two Volumes, which were call'd *The Treaſure of Remedies for the Soul*, becauſe they cure the Mind of its Ignorance, the Source of all Evils.

them paſs for Divine Books. The firſt of all People that we read had Libraries, are the Egyptians. *The very Titles made them curious to peep in the Books, and dive into the Secrets of them: They were called* The Treaſure of Remedies for the Soul, *which was thereby cur'd of Ignorance, the moſt dangerous of its Evils, and the Source of all others.*

P. 168, 169.

The Father of *Seſoſtris* cauſed all the Children who were born the ſame Day with his Son, to be brought to Court, and educated with the ſame Care as the young Prince. Upon the Death of the King, *Seſoſtris* levy'd a very formidable Army, and ap-

P. 528, 529, 530, 531.

The Father of Seſoſtris *form'd a Deſign to make his Son a Conqueror. He ſet about it, after the Manner of the* Egyptians; *that is to ſay, with great Hopes. All the Children who were born the ſame Day with* Seſoſtris *were brought to Court by the*

appointed the young Men, who had been educated with him, to be the Officers to command it. There were near *Two thouſand* of them who were able to inſpire all the Troops with Courage, Military Virtues, and Attachment to the Prince. —*Seſoſtris* form'd a Deſign of conquering the whole World, and penetrated into the *Indies* farther than either *Bacchus* or *Hercules*. The *Scythians* ſubmitted to his Empire. *Thrace* and *Aſia Minor* are full of the Monuments of his Victories. Upon theſe Monuments are to be ſeen the proud Inſcriptions of *Seſoſtris, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.* Having extended his Conqueſts

the King's Order, whom he cauſed to be educated as his own Children, and with the ſame Care as Seſoſtris, *with whom they were brought up—At that Time his Father died, and left him in a Capacity to undertake almoſt any Thing. The Deſign he form'd was no leſs than that of the Conqueſt of the World—Mean time he raiſed Troops, and appointed the Youths whom his Father had cauſed to be brought up with him, to be the commanding Officers. There were* Seventeen hundred *of them, who were able to inſpire the whole Army with Courage, Diſcipline, and Affection to the Prince. —He penetrated into the* Indies *farther*

queſts from the *Ganges* to the *Danube*, and from the River *Tanais* to the Extremities of *Aſia*, he return'd, after nine Years Abſence, loaded with the Spoils of all the conquer'd Nations, and drawn in a Chariot by the Kings whom he had ſubdu'd.

ther than either Hercules *or* Bacchus—— *The* Scythians, *even as far as the* Tanais, *ſubmitted to him.* Herodotus *ſaw Monuments of his Victories in* Aſia Minor, *from one Sea to the other, with the proud Inſcriptions of* Seſoſtris; King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. *There were ſome actually in* Thrace, *and he extended his Empire from the* Ganges *to the* Danube. *He returned, after nine Years, loaded with the Spoils of all the conquer'd Nations - - Much more worthy of Glory if he had not been ſo vain as to cauſe his Chariot to be drawn by the Kings whom he had vanquiſh'd.*

P. 169,

P. 169, 170.

Under *Anyſis the Blind*, *Sabacon* the *Æthiopian* took Advantage of their Diſcords, and invaded *Egypt*. This religious Prince re-eſtabliſh'd the Power of the Prieſts, reign'd fifty Years in a profound Peace, and then return'd into his own Country, to obey the Oracles of his Gods. The Kingdom, thus forſaken, fell into the Hands of *Sethon*, the High Prieſt of *Vulcan*, who entirely deſtroy'd the Art of War among the *Egyptians*, and deſpis'd the Military Men. From that Time *Egypt* was ſupported only by Foreign Troops, and it fell by Degrees into Anarchy. Twelve Nomarchs, or Governors, choſe by the People,

P. 532, 533.

Under Anyſis the Blind, Sabacon *the* Æthiopian *invaded the Kingdom. Never was any Moderation known like to his, for after a happy Reign of fifty Years, he return'd into* Æthiopia, *to obey thoſe Notices which he thought Divine. The Kingdom being thus forſaken, fell into the Hands of* Sethon, *the Prieſt of* Vulcan, *a religious Prince in his Way, but not a Man for War, and who quite enervated the Military Power, by his ill Treatment of the Soldiery. From that Time* Egypt *was ſupported only by Foreign Troops, and fell into a Sort of Anarchy. Twelve Kings were choſe by the People, who ſhar'd the Government of the King-*

People, ſhar'd the Kingdom between them. One of them, nam'd *Pſammetichus*, made himſelf Maſter of all the reſt. *Egypt* recover'd itſelf a little, and continu'd pretty powerful for five or ſix Reigns, till at length this antient Kingdom became tributary to *Nebuchadonoſor* King of *Babylon*.

P. 171, 172, 173, 174.

The Kingdom was Hereditary; but the Kings were oblig'd to obſerve the Laws with greater Exactneſs than others - - - The King roſe at the Break of Day, and then, when the Underſtanding is cleareſt, and the Soul moſt ſerene, an exact and diſtinct Idea was given him of all Matters upon which he was to decide that Day:

Kingdom between them. One of them, nam'd Pſammetichus, *by the Help of Foreigners, made himſelf Maſter of all the others.* Egypt *recover'd itſelf, and was very powerful for five or ſix Reigns. At length this antient Kingdom - - was weaken'd by the Kings of* Babylon.

P. 510, 511, 512, 513.

The Kingdom was Hereditary; but the Kings were oblig'd to obſerve the Laws with greater Exactneſs than others. As he roſe at Day Break, when the Underſtanding is cleareſt, and the Thoughts moſt refin'd, they read their Letters, in order to have a more juſt and true Idea of all Matters which they were to

Day: But before he pronounced Judgment, he went to the Temple to invoke the Gods, and to offer Sacrifice. Being there ſurrounded by all his Court, and the Victims ſtanding at the Altar, he aſſiſted at a Prayer full of Inſtruction, the Form of which was as follows: 'Great *Oſiris*, 'Eye of the World, 'and Light of Spirits! 'Grant to the Prince 'your Image, all Royal 'Virtues, that he may 'be religious towards 'the Gods, and benign 'towards Men; mo-'derate, juſt, magna-'nimous, generous, an 'Enemy of Falſhood, 'Maſter of his Paſſions 'puniſhing leſs than 'the Crime deſerves, 'and rewarding be-'yond Merit.' After this

to decide. As ſoon as they were dreſſed, they went to the Temple to ſacrifice. Being there ſurrounded by the whole Court, and the Victims ſtanding at the Altar, they aſſiſted at a Prayer full of Inſtruction, where the High Prieſt pray'd to the Gods to grant the Prince all Royal Virtues, to the End, that he might be religious towards the Gods, benign towards Men, moderate, juſt, magnanimous, ſincere, and averſe to Falſhood, liberal, Maſter of his Paſſions, puniſhing leſs than the Crime deſerves, and rewarding beyond Merit. Then the High Prieſt ſpoke of the Faults which the Kings might commit,

this the High-Prieſt repreſented to him the Faults he had committed againſt the Laws; but it was always ſuppos'd that he fell into them by Surprize, or thro' Ignorance; and the Miniſters who had given him evil Counſels, or had diſguis'd the Truth, were loaded with Imprecations. Accordingly, moſt of the antient Kings of *Egypt* were ſo dear to their People, that each private Man bewail'd their Death, like that of a Father.

P. 174, 175.

Each Family tranſmitted its Knowledge and Skill to the Children of it. No Perſon was allow'd to go out of his Rank, or to forſake his hereditary Employment. By this Means Arts were

mit, but he always ſuppoſed, that he only fell into them by Surprize, or through Ignorance, loading the Miniſters with Imprecations, who gave them evil Counſels, or diſguis'd the Truth from them — The greater Number of the Kings were ſo dear to the People, that each private Man bewail'd their Death like that of their Parents or Children.

P. 506, 507.

The Law aſſign'd to each his Employment, which was perpetuated from Father to Son. They could not .... change their Profeſſion ... By this Means all Arts were brought to Perfection.

P. 508,

were cultivated and brought to a great Perfection.

P. 175, 176, 177. Thirty Judges, drawn out of the principal Cities, compos'd the ſupreme Council which judg'd the Kingdom. The Prince aſſign'd them Revenues ſufficient to free them from domeſtick Cares, that they might give their whole Time . . . to the cauſing of good Laws to be obſerved. They had no further Profit of their Labours, except the Glory and Pleaſure of ſerving their Country. To avoid Surprize in giving Judgment, the *Pleaders* were forbidden that deluſive Eloquence which dazzles the Underſtanding, and moves the Paſſions. They expos'd the Matters

P. 508, 509, and 513. *Thirty Judges were drawn out of the principal Cities, to compoſe the Society which judg'd the Kingdom . . . The Prince aſſign'd them certain Revenues, to the end, that being freed from domeſtick Cares, they might give their whole time to cauſe the Laws to be obſerved. They had no Profit from Tryals . . . To avoid Surprize, Cauſes* were manag'd by Writing *in this Aſſembly: For they were afraid of that falſe Eloquence which dazzles the Underſtanding and moves the Paſſions. The Truth could not be expos'd too nakedly. The Preſident of the Senate wore*

ters of Fact with a clear and nervous Brevity, ſtript of the falſe Ornaments of Reaſoning. The Preſident of the Senate wore a Collar of Gold and precious Stones, at which hung a ſmall Figure without Eyes, call'd *Truth*. He apply'd it to the Forehead and Heart of him who was to gain his Cauſe; for that was the Manner of pronouncing Judgment. *There was in* Egypt *a ſort of Juſtice unknown to other Nations*. As ſoon as a Man had yielded his laſt Breath, he was brought into Judgment, and the publick Accuſer was heard. In caſe it appear'd that the Behaviour of the Deceas'd had been contrary to the Laws, his Memory *wore a Collar of Gold and precious Stones, at which hung a ſmall Figure without Eyes, call'd* Truth. *When he took it in his Hand, it was the Signal for beginning the Seſſion. He apply'd it to the Party who was to gain his Cauſe, and that was the Cuſtom of pronouncing Sentences... As ſoon as a Man was dead, he was brought into Judgment. The publick Accuſer was heard. If he proved that the Behaviour of the Deceaſed had been bad, his Memory was branded, and he was deny'd Burial... And if he was not convicted of any Crime, he was entomb'd honourably, his Panegyrick was made.* This Cuſtom of trying

mory was branded, and he was refus'd Burial. If he was not accus'd of any Crime againſt the Gods or his Country, his Panegyrick was made, and he was entomb'd honourably.

Kings after Death was ſo ſacred in the Eſteem of God's People, that they always practis'd it.

P. 179.

This City (*Thebes*) whoſe hundred Gates have been ſung by *Homer*, might diſpute with all the Cities in the Univerſe, for Magnificence, Extent, and Power: 'Tis ſaid that it was able heretofore to march out of each of its Gates ten thouſand Fighting Men. Doubtleſs, there is ſomething of Poetical Fiction in this, but all agree that its Inhabitants were exceedingly numerous.

P. 519.

Thebes *might diſpute with the fineſt Cities in the Univerſe. Its hundred Gates, ſung by* Homer, *are known to all the World. It was as populous as it was large, and 'tis ſaid, that it was able to march out of each of its Gates ten thouſand Fighting Men at a Time. Admitting this Number be ever ſo much exaggerated, all agree that its Inhabitants were innumerable.*

Vol. II. *P.* 176.

The Conſtitution of the World, which had been chang'd by the Fall, was impair'd a-new by this Inundation. The Juices of the Earth were impoveriſh'd and ſpoil'd. The Herbs and Fruits had no longer the ſame Virtue. The Air, loaded with an exceſſive Moiſture, ſtrengthen'd the Principles of Corruption, and the Life of Man was ſhorten'd.

P. 196, 197.

By that prodigious Maſs of Waters, and by the long Stay which they made upon the Earth, the Juices which it contain'd were ſpoil'd. The Air, loaded with exceſſive Moiſture, ſtrengthened the Principles of Corruption; and the firſt Conſtitution of the World being impair'd, the Life of Man, which reach'd to near a thouſand Years, was ſhorten'd by Degrees. The Herbs and Fruits had no longer the ſame Virtue.

Vol. II. *P.* 22, 23.

If we can love nothing but with Reference to ourſelves, each Member of Society will come by Degrees, to conſider himſelf, as an independent Being, made for himſelf. There will

M. Fenelon's *Life, the* Hague *Edition in* 1723. (Diſcourſe upon Pure Love, *P.* 8.) *Pure Love not only inſpires us with ſublime and noble Sentiments for God, but is alſo the Source of all fine Sentiments that*

will be no Reaſon to ſacrifice private Intereſt to publick Good. Noble Sentiments and heroick Virtues will be deſtroy'd.

are human. Upon this Principle Men conſider their ſelves no longer as independent Beings made for themſelves —— All Men are as the Children of one common Father, who requires that we ſhould prefer the General Good of his Family to our particular Intereſt.

P. 24.

Pleaſure — is the only moving Spring of Man's Heart.

P. 15.

Pleaſure is the only moving Spring of Man's Heart.

P. 24.

We always love with Pleaſure --- but we do not always love *for the Sake* of Pleaſure. We may love Juſtice for the Good it procures us, and we may alſo love it for itſelf.

P. 16.

One may love with *Pleaſure without loving* for the Sake of *Pleaſure. And for this Reaſon there are two ſorts of Pleaſures —— The firſt is a Pleaſure which relates to ourſelves -- There is another Pleaſure which we derive to the Object belov'd.*

P. 35. M.

P. 53.

Such is the ſad Condition of human Things. The Deſire of unbounded Authority in Princes, and the Love of Independence in the People, expoſe all Kingdoms to inevitable Revolutions.

Ibid.

In all Countries five or ſix bold, * artful, eloquent Men, generally lead the Monarch or the Senate which Way they pleaſe. All ſorts of Goverments are good, when they who govern ſeek only the Publick Welfare, but they will always be defective, becauſe the Governors, being but Men, are imperfect.

M. Fenelon's *Life*, P. 158.

How ſad is the Condition of Human Nature! Sovereigns who are jealous of their Authority, always aim to extend it. And People, who are fond of Liberty, think they never have enough.

P. 185 and 186.

All ſorts of Government muſt needs be defective, becauſe they, with whom the Sovereign Authority is lodg'd, are but Men. And all ſorts of Government are good, when they who govern make the Publick Welfare their Grand Rule —— Two or three Men generally lead the Monarch or the Senate as they pleaſe.

* The firſt Period here is omitted in Mr. *Ramſay's Engliſh*, tho' he has inſerted it in the *French*.

P. 57.

P. 57.

I have found Genius's capable of reaching to all Heights, and of going to the Bottom of every thing.

P. 89. the *Bruſſels* Edition.

The Biſhop of Meaux *had a Genius capable of going to the Bottom of all Things, and of reaching to all Heights.*

Theſe Imitations are a ſufficient Proof of Mr. *Ramſay*'s Genius. Were we to have added the Thoughts, Paragraphs, and Arguments which he has ſtole from *Cudworth* and *Stanley*, from the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* and M. *de Tourreil*, it would have ſwell'd this to the ſame Bulk as his Book. For this Reaſon alſo, we have omitted to draw a Parallel between the Fable of the ſecond *Hermes* and that in the Life of *Hai-Ebn Todkan*, tranſlated into *Engliſh* from the *Arabick*, and printed in 8*vo.* in 1708. The Reader may be aſſur'd, and Mr. *Ramſay* himſelf will not preſume to deny, that he has copy'd that Fable.

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